Rhymes

OF

Scotland.

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Popular Rhymes

OF

Scotland.

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JAMES AUCHIE, PRINTER,
EDINBURGH.

THE

POPULAR RHYMES

OF

SCOTLAND,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,

CHIEFLY COLLECTED FROM ORAL SOURCES.

By ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH,"
"WALKS IN EDINBURGH," &c.

"——— he raucht me ane roll; to rede I began
"The royetest ane ragment with *mony a ratt rime.*"

DOUGLAS' VIRGIL, *Prol.* 239 *a* 53.

EDINBURGH:

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PREFACE.

In the compilation of the following sheets, it having been my only aim to form AN EMINENTLY CURIOUS BOOK,—the whimsicality of the design, the oddness of the materials, and the native Scottish humour which pervades a considerable part, are the humble and sole qualities upon which it can found any claim to public notice.

In the peculiar eyes of antiquaries, I trust the Work will find favour upon a distinct account. There can be no doubt, that many of the "ratt rimes," preserved in this, and to be preserved in the succeeding series, though they may now appear vulgar and nugatory, contain memorials of obsolete man-

ners of which the present generation would gladly know more, and are the relics of a body of Scottish poetry long antecedent to any which has yet met the attention of collectors.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated,—and, perhaps, more than strange to the great mass of periodical critics, at present so remarkable for their ignorance upon every topic out of the circle of the Belles Lettres,—that many of the popular phrases here admitted are not distinguished by any rhyme, or even by the appearance of versification. But this will excite no surprise in those who understand the word *rhyme* in its extended Scottish sense.

Two reasons have induced me to add to this volume a list, with specimens, of the classes of Rhymes which yet remain to be published. By a perusal of that paper, the public at large may form some idea of the probable contents of the intended second se-

ries; while certain individual readers, who happen to possess stores of such "legendary lore," and who may entertain the patriotic or the kind wish of perfecting this collection, will be directed in the tasks to which I most earnestly solicit their attention—of jotting down and communicating such RHYMES and TRADITIONARY ANECDOTES of Scotland as may, by that means, be called to their memory.

In thus soliciting future contributions, I am reminded of the duty of acknowledging those to which the collection has been already indebted. That these have not been few, must be apparent to the most superficial reader, who will here find several hundred various pieces of original information, derived from natives of almost every district of Scotland. Indeed, the enthusiasm with which my numerous friends entered into my design immediately upon its being disclosed to them, and the vast trouble which they have

so willingly endured in canvassing for the collection, are to me matters, at once, of infinite gratitude and serious regret. I am conscious, that some have devoted to my service time which they could have spent more profitably, and for which thanks, however warm, form but an inadequate remuneration; while many others must have, like myself, cracked credit with their grandmothers, by inquiring after such homely and foolish things.

R. CHAMBERS.

INDIA PLACE, *January* 5, 1826.

P. S.—The public is indebted for the whole article entitled "ClanGregor" to a literary clansman, who has made researches into the history of his family with a view to publication.

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On Localities.

The Local Rhymes are of several sorts. Some refer to events and stories, which we have done our utmost to relate with fidelity: others are simply descriptive of territorial peculiarities; and a considerable portion are mere enumerations of various localities, without any characteristic description. Besides these, there is another important class in the form of predictions, the greater part of which being popularly ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, we have added to our other illustrations a notice of that personage, so remarkable as being the earliest poet and the only prophet produced in Scotland.

ON LOCALITIES.

MENSTRIE.—*Perthshire.*

THE beautiful district of Menstrie was formerly honoured by the presence and presidency of a fairy, which, within the recollection of people still alive, was expelled from her favourite haunts, by the intrusion of a very different spirit—the genius of agricultural and commercial enterprise. In peculiarly dark and stilly nights, however, it is believed, that, "like a ghost revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon," this delicate spirit occasionally returns to her abandoned territory, and laments the devastations which have been committed in her absence by stone-fences, cotton-mills, and the copse-destroying plough. Many, moreover, assert that

she has been heard to vent her sorrows in the following affecting stanza:—

OH, ALVA WOODS ARE BONNIE,
TILLIECOULTRY HILLS ARE FAIR;
BUT WHEN I THINK O' THE BONNIE BRAES O' MENSTRIE,
IT MAKS MY HEART AY SAIR.

But there happen to be two stories to this rhyme. Instead of a fairy, a miller's wife, who was taken away by fairies, is said by some to have been the author of the ditty. The miller's wife was very pretty; and having attracted the attention of the good neighbours, who seem to have had a constant eye to good looks, was eloped with by some gallant green-coated cavalier, and taken away to Fairyland. The "injured husband" had, of course, no more than the usual resource on such occasions—resignation; for there is no commissary court, and, what is worse, no Chalk Farm, for cases of faërie gallantry. The most provoking thing of all was, that the disconsolate miller was every day tantalized by hearing his lost spouse singing, from overhead, in the air, the above ditty, which finely expressed her anxious

desire of returning to his widowed arms. At length, one day, as he was riddling some stuff upon his own dunghill, happening unconsciously to use a magical posture, the lost nymph of the mill dropped down out of the air into his riddle, and remained for ever after "a faithful and loving wife," in despite of the fairies, whose spells had thus been broken.

VALE OF MANOR.—*Peebles-shire.*

THERE STAND THREE MILLS ON MANOR WATER,
A FOURTH AT POSSO CLEUGH:
GIN HEATHER-BELLS WERE CORN AND BEAR,
THEY WAD GET GRIST ENEUGH.

In the desolate vale of Manor there were formerly no fewer than four mills, each belonging to a distinct *laird,* who bound all his tenants to take their grain thither, according to an oppressive and absurd old practice, known by the phrase *thirlage.* Since one mill now serves to grind all the grain produced in Manor, even in the present advanced state of agriculture, some idea may be formed of the state of things in regard to the trade of grinding,

when there were four rival professors of that useful art, to be supported by what now scarcely suffices for one. The people felt, saw, and satirized the thing in a style highly characteristic, by the sneering rhime affixed, which is still popular, though the occasion has long since passed away.—It may be proper to remind our readers, that the vale of Manor is remarkable for having been the residence of David Ritchie, the deformed and eccentric pauper, whose character and appearance are supposed to have formed the groundwork of the tale entitled "The Black Dwarf."

LOCHAR-MOSS.—*Dumfries-shire.*

FIRST A WUDD, AND SYNE A SEA;
NOW A MOSS, AND AYE WILL BE.

This ancient popular rhyme records the revolutions undergone by the territory called Lochar-moss, previous to settling in its present and final character of a *peat-bog;* and it may appear singular, that the modern naturalist accounts for the production of moss in precisely a similar way.

THE LINKS OF FORTH.

"The numerous windings of the Forth, called *Links*, form a great number of beautiful peninsulas, which, being of a very luxuriant and fertile soil, gave rise to the following old rhyme.—

"THE LAIRDSHIP O' THE BONNIE LINKS O' FORTH
IS BETTER THAN AN EARLDOM OF THE NORTH."
Nimmo's Stirlingshire, 439, 440.

WHITTINGHAME.—*East Lothian.*

It is little more than half a century since the good people of Whittinghame got happily quit of a ghost, which, in the shape of an "unchristened wean," had annoyed them for many years. An unnatural mother having murdered her child at a large tree, not far from the village, the ghost of the deceased was afterwards seen, on dark nights, running in a distracted manner between the said tree and the church-yard, and was occasionally heard to *greet*. It was understood by the villagers, that it was obliged thus to take the air, and bewail

itself, on account of wanting a *name*,—no anonymous person, it seems, being able to get a proper footing in the other world. Nobody durst speak to the unhappy little spirit, out of a superstitious dread of dying immediately after; and, to all appearance, the village of Whittinghame was destined to be haunted till the end of time, for want of an exorcist. At length, however, it providentially happened, that a drunkard, one night, in reeling home, encountered it; and, being fearless in the strength of John Barleycorn, did not hesitate to address it in the same familiar style as if it had been one of his own flesh and blood fellow-topers. "How's a' wi' ye this morning, Short-Hoggers?" cried the courageous villager,—when the ghost immediately ran away, joyfully exclaiming,—

OH WEEL'S ME NOO, I'VE GOTTEN A NAME;
THEY CA' ME SHORT-HOGGERS O' WHITTINGHAME!

And, since that time, it has never been either seen or heard of. The name which the drunkard applied to it denotes that the ghost wore *short stockings without feet*,—a probable sup-

position, considering the long series of years during which it had walked. Our informant received this story, with the rhyme, from the lips of an old woman of Whittinghame, who had *seen* the ghost.

BILHOPE BRAES, &c.—*Liddesdale.*

BILHOPE BRAES FOR BUCKS AND RAES,
CARIT HAUGHS FOR SWINE,
AND TARRAS FOR A GUDE BULL-TROUT,
IF IT BE TA'EN IN TIME.

"An old rhyme, which celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game. The bucks and raes, as well as the swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous."—*Notes to Lay of the Last Minstrel,* 296.

AYRSHIRE AND GALLOWAY.

KYLE FOR A MAN,
CARRICK FOR A COW,
CUNNINGHAM FOR CORN AND BEAR,
AND GALLOWAY FOR WOO'.

This old rhyme points out what each of the three districts of Ayrshire and the neighbouring territory of Galloway are remarkable for producing in greatest perfection. The *men* of Kyle, the *cows* of Carrick, the *grain* of Cunningham, and the *wool* of Galloway, are all the best of their kind. Some variations are made upon the rhyme; as, "Carrick for a man," and "Kyle for a cow:" but though the people of Carrick always give it thus, we believe the above reading to be correct. "Butter and cheese" have been of late years substituted by many for "corn and bear;" and we believe the former to be now most applicable to Cunningham: yet we have thought proper to prefer the original version.

The inhabitants of the three various districts of Ayrshire are, or were till lately, not less dissimilar in character, manners, and domestic economy, than are the favourite productions of their respective soils. The farmers of Kyle may be described as very poor, very decent, and very stupid, and as strongly attached to the modes of conduct in every thing pursued by their ancestors. Because their fathers had small farms, made family-

worship at morn and eventide, wore old-fashioned clothes, and used all descriptions of obsolete, ill-constructed, farming implements, the present generation think themselves obliged to do the same, even at the risk of falling behind, and being laughed at by their more enterprising neighbours. On representing to a farmer of Kyle, that the plough he used was the most inconvenient and expensive of all possible old-fashioned ploughs, he defended himself by saying, that the plough had been "used for hunders o' years," and might, therefore, be considered as proved and sanctified by experience; whereas the implements of a novel construction, though, to appearance, they seemed convenient and "easy to work," wanted that indispensable recommendation. Nor did he seem capable of appreciating the allegory or parable, under cover of which his objections were answered. "Suppose your house across the fields, which is exceedingly old and ruinous, were declared on the point of falling, would you remain in it, because, as it had sheltered so many of your forefathers, it would, might, could, or should continue to shelter you?" Kyle may be considered a precious

district to an antiquary; so many rich and entire specimens does it contain of the habits of living, as well as of farming, which prevailed some centuries ago; and so completely does the present time, in every respect, shadow forth the past. It may be proper to mention, that the character of a Kyle farmer of the old school is very fully and faithfully represented in Burns's delineations of his own father, and, still more completely, in the exquisite sketch of the "auld farmer," who wishes a good new year to his equally venerable mare.—The farmers of Carrick are the very antipodes to those of Kyle, being, in general, rich, bold, debauched young men, possessed with infinite propensities to wild speculations. This character they seem to have chiefly acquired from the smuggling which, till within the last few years, prevailed to so flagrant an extent along the whole "Carrick shore." The farmers of Carrick are constantly riding about upon blood-horses; and, as they make a point of attending every fair and market within fifty miles round, they seldom get drunk oftener than six times a-week. "Tam o' Shanter" was intended by Burns as a picture, and it was a most faithful one, of

the Carrick farmer about forty years ago, when he as yet wore a " gude blue bonnet," and retained some portion of his primitive simplicity of character.—The farmers of Cunningham are, if possible, still more antiquated than those of Kyle. A great proportion of them have merely small dairy concerns, of which they transport the proceeds once or twice every week to Ayr, in their single old-fashioned cart, with their single old-fashioned horse,—themselves perched up in front, with their broad blue bonnets, hodden-grey great-coats, and stout woollen *rig-and-fur* gamashes. These dairy farmers are very numerous, and their farms usually consist in a single park, which they denominate their " *spat.*" From the travels of William Lithgow, (1628,) it appears that Cunningham was then, as now, a perfect hot-bed of puritanism.

Galloway has, at all times, been remarkable for its primeval savage character. Its early inhabitants seem to have been considered as strangers in this country; hence the popular phrase, *the fremit Scot o' Gallova'*. It also appears that a still worse character was occasionally ascribed to them,—that of robbers; which

may be considered as indicated by the nursery rhyme used by mothers when repelling the advances made by the elder children to the sweet and delicate food appropriated to that enviable personage, "the bairn."—"Eh!" she will say, striking them, perhaps, over the fingers with the spoon,

"GREEDY GAITS O' GALLOWA',
TAKS A' THE BAIRN'S MEAT AWA'!"

The distinction which Galloway long ago acquired, and still maintains, on account of its wool, is pointed out by a common puerile rhyme, appropriate to the game of *riding horses*.

CRIPPLE DICK
UPON A STICK,
SANDY ON A SOO,
RIDE AWAY
TO GALLOWAY,
TO BUY A PUND O' WOO'.

TINTOCK AND COULTERFELL.

THE HEIGHT ATWEEN TINTOCK-TAP AND COULTER-
FELL
IS JUST THREE QUARTERS O' AN ELL.

These hills are the most conspicuous objects in a district of Lanarkshire, which is in general rather flat; and the rhyme seems merely to denote that they are nearly of the same height.

RED SYKE, &c.—*Selkirkshire.*

WHEN THE RED SYKE AT E'EN SOUNDS LOUD,
AND THE LAN'-EASE IS KIVERED WI' A CLUD,
AND THE CORBIE CROUPS ON THE AULD THORN,
WE'RE SURE, WILLIE WISE, THERE 'LL BE RAIN THE MORN.

The Lan'-ease is a mountain lying in the wilds of Buccleuch, west of Rankleburn. It has evidently got its name from the circumstance of its formerly having been a common, to which the muirland farmers around were wont to send their eild sheep and cattle, during the summer months, as a sort of *ease* to the rest of their *land*. The *Red Syke* is a rapid rivulet which descends from a hill opposite to Lan'-ease. The *thorn* is no longer *to the fore*. As for *Willie Wise*, our informant professes ignorance respecting him or his use in the rhyme.

It is still believed in the secluded district of Selkirkshire, where alone the rhyme seems to be known, that, when the combination of signs shall occur as foretold in the text, the following day will produce a second deluge.

POOL-MIDNIGHT, &c.—*Selkirkshire.*

AULD MEG LINTON, O' THE PULE O' MIDNICHT HAUGH,
IS BURIET ANETH THE BOGLE SAUCH;
SAE AULD MEG LINTON IS CAULD AND DEAD,
AND NOCHT IN HER HOUSE BUT A PYKIT SHEEP-HEAD.

This rhyme belongs to the same district with the preceding. *Auld Meg Linton* was a real personage,—one of those poor, old, solitary, infirm women, who are so often to be found in the rural districts of Scotland, living in remote cottages, with no company, perhaps, but that of a cat; and no provision but the slender profits of their spinning-wheel, or a few pence weekly from the parochial funds. Mause, in the Gentle Shepherd, is a picture of these old

creatures, who, in former times, got the credit of being witches. The tradition respecting Meg Linton bears, that she was found stark and stiff in her cottage; and was supposed to have died of hunger, as there was no appearance of food in her house, except the bare skull of a sheep. It was found necessary to bury her, without ceremony, beneath a willow-tree near the house; which, thenceforth, got the name of the *Bogle Sauch*, her ghost being supposed to haunt the spot. It does not now exist; but the *vestigia* of her humble hovel are still visible. *Pule-Midnicht*, so named from its depth and blackness, is formed by the Timma, a rough-running stream, which takes its rise amongst the wilds of Tamleuchar, in Eskdalemuirhead. The whole scenery of the rhyme is singularly wild and gloomy, even in the hours of open day. To what extent its horrors must be redoubled at midnight, none can tell or even imagine, as the people who dwell in the neighbourhood would consider it a *tempting of Providence* to intrude upon its haunted solitudes at that dreary hour. Indeed, there is another circumstance connected with Midnight Haugh, which may be considered as finishing off its

character of horror, and to this the following rhyme expressly refers:—

LET NANE WHAE GAE BY THE GAIT-CLEUCH FIT,
LOOK EAST OR WAST AT THE AULD BIRK TREE,
FOR THERE, AT E'EN, WILL WEE JOHNNIE BE SEEN,
WI' HIS NECK TWINED ROUND WI' LOOM-CORDS THREE!

We have received the story from an intelligent old shepherd, who resides near the scene in question, who derived his information from his grandfather. *Wee Johnnie* was a weaver, and a respectable man; but, being oppressed with poverty and a bad wife, found himself compelled to end his cares, by hanging himself with his loom-cords from the birk-tree of the Gait-cleuch. He, accordingly, made the fatal attempt, and had, it is supposed, so far succeeded, when, with his weight and wriggling, little and weak as he was, the loom-cords broke. The subjacent pool, however, was deep, and beset all round with rugged rocks, so that the unfortunate weaver ultimately gained his point by a threefold process; being, as the country people say, half-hanged, half-felled, and half-drowned,—making up, in all, a very substantial death.

LYLLIARD'S EDGE.

FAIR MAIDEN LYLLIARD LIES UNDER THIS STANE,
LITTLE WAS HER STATURE, BUT GREAT WAS HER FAME;
UPON THE ENGLISH LOUNS SHE LAID MANY THUMPS,
AND WHEN HER LEGS WERE OFF SHE FOUGHT UPON HER STUMPS.

"The spot on which the noted battle of Ancrum Moor was fought, is called Lylliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Widdrington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this last century."—*Minst. Scot. Bord.* iii, 247.

BIGGAR.

THE LADDIE HAD TRICKS THAT COST HIM FU' DEAR,
FOR HE WAS A RANNAGAT LOON;
BUT THEIR AIN LICKS AND THEIR AIN DRUM-STICKS
HAE FARED AS ILL FOR THE TOON.

This rhyme relates to a circumstance which happened while Biggar was a burgh of regality. An *ill-deedie* youth, it is said, for some offence, was drummed out of the town. Going to Edinburgh, however, where he found a better field for the exercise of his genius, and attained to eminence as a lawyer, the *rights* of the town of Biggar happened, in the course of business, to fall into his hands; and, in the spirit of retaliation, he thought proper to destroy the same, so as to deprive his native place of all its burgal privileges. On the people of Biggar demanding restitution, he is said to have sent them a taunting message, to the effect that they had certainly drummed their rights out of the town, adding the above rhyme, which is still preserved in Biggar, as a melancholy memorial of their lost importance and immunities.

MOFFAT.

The following rhyme refers to a real circumstance, and gives us a very clear idea of the state of the popular superstitions respect-

ing witchcraft during the century before the last.

THERE DWALT A WEAVER IN MOFFAT TOUN,
THAT SAID THE MINISTER WAD DEE SUNE;
THE MINISTER DEE'D; AND THE FOUK O' THE TOUN,
THEY BRANT THE WEAVER WI' THE WUDD O' HIS LUME,
AND CA'D IT WEEL-WARED ON THE WARLOCK LOON!

The village of Moffat has of late years thriven considerably, by reason of the visitors attracted to it by a mineral-well in the neighbourhood. As its prosperity, however, is great during the summer months, so it is little during the desolate period of winter, when the inhabitants are, in reality, almost starved. The neighbouring villagers, who, of course, envy Moffat during the days of its excessive splendour, and despise it proportionably in its period of depression, have long had a standing-joke upon the town.—"If you meet," say they, "a Moffat man in *summer* any where out of doors, and ask him where he resides, he vociferates, '*Moffat, and be d—d!*' but, on the contrary, if you ask the same question in *winter*, the

answer is expressed in the most piteous strain, '*Moffat, God help us!*'" The people of Moffat being far removed from any coal district, and, therefore, under the necessity of digging their fuel from a neighbouring moss, the phrase, *a Moffat fire*, has long been proverbial, being thus explained by the authors of the above joke,—*twae peats and ae truff*.

TINTOCK.—*A Hill in Lanarkshire.*

ON TINTOCK-TAP THERE IS A MIST,
AND IN THAT MIST THERE IS A KIST,
AND IN THE KIST THERE IS A CAUP,
AND IN THE CAUP THERE IS A DRAP;
TAK UP THE CAUP, DRINK AFF THE DRAP,
AND SET THE CAUP ON TINTOCK-TAP.

Tintock may be called a very *popular* mountain; and this chiefly arises from its standing almost alone in the midst of a country generally level. On the summit is an immense accumulation of stones, said to have been brought thither at different times from the vale (distance three Scotch miles) by the country people, upon whom the task was enjoined as a penance by the priests of St. John's Kirk, which

was situated in a little glen at the north-east skirt of the mountain, though no vestige of its existence now remains except the burying-ground. The summit of Tintock is often enveloped in mist; and the "kist" mentioned in the rhyme, was, perhaps, a large stone, remarkable over all the rest of the heap for having a hole in its upper side, said to have been formed by the grasp of Sir William Wallace's thumb, on the evening previous to his defeating the English at Boghall, in the neighbourhood.* The hole is generally full of water, on account of the drizzling nature of the atmosphere; but if it is meant by the "caup" mentioned, we must suppose that the whole is intended as a mockery of human strength; for it is certainly impossible to lift the stone and drink off the contents of the hollow.

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* The advancement of the Scottish nation, in the arts of comfort, at that early period, may, perhaps, be proved by the circumstance of a plain in Tweedsmuir being still called the "*Pavilion* Haugh," on account of the Scottish hero having there pitched his tent after the battle of Biggar.

COWDAILY CASTLE.—*Lanarkshire.*

'TWEEN THE RAE-HILL AND LORIBURNSHAW,
THERE YE'LL FIND COWDAILY WA',
AND THE FOUNDATIONS LAID ON ERN.

Near Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, stands Cowthally, Cowdaily, or Quodaily Castle, the original property and residence of the noble family of Somerville. The first Somerville, as tradition reports, came from France, and dispossessed the former proprietor of Quodaily; some of whose vassals he subjected to his authority, though, it appears, without succeeding in attaching them very faithfully to his interests. Somerville demolished the outer walls of the castle, and a good part of the castle itself, before he could make himself master of it; and afterwards saw fit to rebuild the same *de novo* in a different place. But against this design he found circumstances in strong opposition. As the country people say, "what of the wall he got built during the day was regularly *dung down* at night." In this dilemma, Somerville, suspecting the fidelity of his watchmen, undertook to "wake the castle" in person. It would

appear, however, that this had no effect in saving the building; for who should come to demolish it but the Devil himself, with four or five of his principal servants, who, without heeding Somerville's expostulations, or even his active resistance, fell too, *like men cutting rice*, and undid all the work of the day, chaunting all the while, in unearthly articulation, the above rhyme; and it is added, that, in compliance with this hint, Somerville was necessitated to rebuild the castle of Cowdaily on its original foundations, which were of iron. It is supposed, that some of the vassals of the former lord, in this affair, personated the demons; and that, while the French watchmen were thereby terrified out of their wits, the Scottish men, whom Somerville had pressed into his service, considered the whole transaction as a piece of good sport, and connived at it out of secret enmity to their new master.

GILBURN.—*Linlithgowshire.*

An unfortunate lady, whose first name was *Ailie*, (Anglicè *Alice*,) was kept by a Duke of

Hamilton, upwards of a century ago, at Kinniel House, West Lothian. According to the traditions of the country people, this wretched female put an end to her existence, by throwing herself from the walls of the castle into the deep ravine below, through which the Gilburn descends. Her spirit is supposed to haunt this glen; and it is customary for the children of Linlithgowshire, on dark and stormy nights, to say,—

LADY, LADY LILBURN,
HUNTS IN THE GILBURN.

PITTEMPTON.—*Near Dundee.*

I WAS TEMPTED AT PITTEMPTON,
DRAIGLIT AT BALDRAGON,
STRICKEN AT STRIKE-MARTIN,
AND KILLED AT MARTIN'S STANE.

Tradition connects this rhyme with the following romantic incident, which is generally known and believed by the country people living near the localities referred to.—

At a very remote period, when Scotland was not altogether reclaimed from its aboriginal

savage state, and when it was yet infested by beasts of prey, a peasant, who resided at a place called Pittempton, about three miles from Dundee, along with his nine daughters, all famed for their beauty and virtue, one day desired the eldest to bring a pitcher of water from the well, which lay at the distance of about a gunshot from the house. It was near sunset; and, as the girl stayed unusually long, one of her sisters was sent out to learn the occasion of her delay. *She* likewise failed to return at the time expected; and another was then dispatched, with an angry message to the former two, commanding them instantly home, under pain of their father's severe displeasure. The third was, in her turn, also delayed: and it was not till the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth had been successively dispatched in the same manner, and when he observed night fast approaching, that the father became seriously alarmed for their personal safety. He then seized his fish-spear, and ran to the well, where he discovered a monstrous serpent, or dragon, lying, besmeared with blood, apparently having killed and devoured all the nine unfortunate maidens. Unable to cope single-

handed with so formidable a foe, the poor man retreated in dismay; but, having quickly collected several hundreds of his neighbours, soon returned to the place, and prepared to attack the monster, which had thus deprived him of all earthly comfort.

The dragon, (for so it is styled by the country people, though, probably, only one of those serpents, of whose devastations so many traditionary stories are told in different places,) finding himself hotly pressed on all sides, endeavoured to escape, and maintained a sort of running fight with the little army of rustics, each individual of which seemed anxious to signalize himself by killing so extraordinary a reptile. Among these, a youth, named Martin, the lover of one of the hapless maidens, and a man, it would appear, of great bravery and strength, was determined either to revenge the death of his mistress, or die in the attempt. The serpent at first took a northerly route, and was sorely beset, and roughly handled, at a place called Baldragon, distant about a quarter of a mile in that direction from Pittempton, and which, though now drained, was then a moss,—whence the line in the rhyme "draiglit,"

(i. e. *welted*) " at Baldragon." Still continuing his flight northwards for about two miles, he was again surrounded by his enemies; and here Martin endeavoured to signalize himself by a single combat with his scaly foe. With a blow of his massy club he restrained the progress of the monster, which was about to return the same, by darting upon him, when the rustics, coming up at this moment, exclaimed, " Strike, Martin!" and Martin, then letting fall his club a second time, with prodigious effect, and to the almost complete discomfiture of the dragon, which now crawled heavily away, the scene of so remarkable an achievement was thence called *Strike-Martin*. The dragon now continued his retreat about half a mile still farther north, when it was again hemmed in by the rustics, and finally slain by the heroic Martin. A stone, bearing the outlined figure of a serpent, and the above rhyme, in very rude and ancient characters, still marks the spot, and is always called " Martin's Stane." It is also worth narrating, as a confirmation of the circumstances related, that the well is still called "The Nine Maidens' Well,"—being known by no other.

ANNAN, TWEED, AND CLYDE.

ANNAN, TWEED, AND CLYDE,
RASE A' OUT O' AE HILL SIDE.
TWEED RAN, ANNAN WAN,
CLYDE FELL, AND BRAK' ITS NECK OWRE CORRA LINN.

These three chief rivers of the south of Scotland rise at different sides of one hill, and run in different directions towards the Solway firth, the German ocean, and the Atlantic,—the course of the Annan being the shortest, whence, in the rhyme, it is said to win the race. This rhyme prevails all over the south of Scotland, with slight variations.

PROSIN, ESK, AND CARATY.

PROSIN, ESK, AND CARATY,
MEET AT THE BIRKEN BUSS O' INVERARITY.

This is a correct description of the junction of the said three rivers. Inverarity is a parish near Dunkeld.

LOCHTIE, &c.—*Fifeshire.*

LOCHTIE, LOTHRIE, LEVEN, AND ORR,
RIN A' THROUGH CAMERON BRIGG BORE.

Of these four Fife streams, the Leven is the principal. It absorbs the waters and names of all the rest, before passing under the bridge of Cameron, near the sea-port village of Wemyss. Orr is next in point of importance, and, running for a considerable way parallel to the Leven, joins it a little above the bridge. Each receives a tributary stream,—the Leven the Lothrie, and Orr the Lochtie. The Orr takes its rise from Loch Orr, which is now drained, and forms part of the estate of Walter Scott, Esq. son of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

On the top of Benarty, which rises above Loch Orr, there were formerly held games, which all the herds of Fife, and other neighbouring counties, attended. They brought their wives, daughters, and sweethearts; and having a plentiful stock of victuals, kept up the fête for a few days, bivouacking upon the ground during the night. The chief games were the

golf, the foot-ball, and the *wads ;** and what with howling, singing, and drinking, after the manner of the modern Irish, they continued to spend the time very merrily. The top of Benarty is flat, and sufficiently extensive for their purpose. This custom is now disused,—the number of herds being much diminished, and the profession not being of such importance in the country as formerly, on account of the increased number of fences.

TWEED AND TILL.

The Tweed is, in general, a broad, shallow, clear, and rapid river. Its English tributary, the Till, is, on the contrary, narrow, sullen, deep, dark, and slow. Their various characteristics are distinctly pointed out by the following well-known rhyme.—

TWEED SAID TO TILL,
"WHAT GARS YE RIN SAE STILL ?"

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* Wad—a pledge or hostage.

TILL SAID TO TWEED,
" THOUGH YE RIN WI' SPEED,
" AND I RIN SLAW,
" YET WHERE YE DROUN AE MAN,
" I DROUN TWA !"

TARRAS.

The Tarras, a Roxburghshire stream, is so impetuous, and so much broken by falls, that any person whom it might sweep away would be dashed to pieces against its rocks, before he could be drowned by its waters. The following rhyme speaks for itself.—" *Doubt*" here signifies *danger*.

WAS NE'ER ANE DROWNED IN TARRAS,
NOR YET IN DOUBT,
FOR E'RE THE HEAD WINS DOWN
THE HARNS ARE OUT.

DON AND DEE.

A ROOD O' DON'S WORTH TWA O' DEE,
EXCEPT IT BE FOR FISH AND TREE.

A very ancient and very true saying.

MERECLEUCH-HEAD.—*Peebles-shire.*

THE KING RADE ROUND THE MERECLEUCH-HEAD,
BOOTED AND SPURRED, AS WE A' DID SEE,
AND DINED W' A LASS AT MOSFENNAN YETT,
A LITTLE BELOW THE LOGAN LEE.

Merecleuch is a ravine on the farm of Glencotho, on the south side of Holms Water, parish of Glenholm. Mosfennan lies upon the banks of the Tweed, about three miles to the southward of Merecleuch. The above is perhaps a relic of some old ballad, describing one of those hunting visits which the kings of Scotland so frequently paid to this sylvan district. Polmood, the ancient seat of the Hunters, was their chief residence upon these occasions, of which the country people preserve numerous and very distinct traditionary anecdotes.

LETTERED CRAGS.

In certain remote districts large stones are found, with rude, though not antique, inscriptions, apparently the work of idle or ingenious

shepherds. They abound in Galloway. Upon the farm of Knockiebay, in this district, there is one of a very singular and witty description. Upon the upper side are cut the following words:—

LIFT ME UP, AND I'LL TELL YOU MORE.

Obeying this injunction, many simple people have, at various periods, exerted their strength, in order to discover the expected treasure below, where they only found carved the remaining member of the couplet,—

LAY ME DOWN AS I WAS BEFORE.

Some are epitaphs,—as one in the neighbourhood of the above.

THIS STANE LIES ON AULD ROBIN'S WAME,
HIS PURSE AND HIS STAFF ARE BESIDE THE SAME.
IF THOU THINKS THIS WRANG, TAK THE STANE AFF
MY WAME,
AND LAY IT ON THINE, TO PRESERVE THY NAME!

An epitaph in the church-yard of Torryburn contains two of the best puns in print :—

HERE LIES MARGERY GREIG,
WHO NEVER HAD ISSUE EXCEPT IN HER LEG.
THIS MARGERY GREIG WAS WOND'ROUS CUNNING,
FOR WHILE ONE LEG STOOD STILL THE OTHER
KEPT RUNNING.

HILLS IN THE SOUTH-WEST OF SCOTLAND.

CAIRNSMUIR O' FLEET,
CAIRNSMUIR O' DEE,
AND CAIRNSMUIR O' CARSPHAIRN,
THE BIGGEST O' THE THREE.

FARMS NEAR PEEBLES.

BONNINGTON LAKES,
AND CRUIKSTON CAKES,
KADEMUIR, AND THE RAE;
AND HUNGRY, HUNGRY HUNDELSHOPE,
AND SKAWED BELL'S BRAE.

FARMS NEAR EDINBURGH.

IN LITTLECOATS A BOW O' GROATS,
IN LUCKENHOUSES GUID FLESH BOATS;
AND THERE'S NINE LASSES IN CARSEWELL,
AND NOT A LAD AMANG THEM ALL!

These are farm-steads upon the south side of the Pentland Hills, about nine miles south from Edinburgh. Between Littlecoats and Luckenhouses runs the rivulet called the *Deadman's Grain,* which received its name from a remarkable circumstance. One of the Covenanters, flying from Rullion Green, mounted the horse of a slain dragoon a little way from the field of battle, but was immediately and closely pursued. In this extremity, he took one of the pistols from the holster before him, and, by a Parthian-like manœuvre, fired it through beneath his left arm at his enemies; but was thus so unfortunate as to destroy his only chance of escape, by wounding his own horse in the flank; whereupon he was caught and slain.—In commemoration of this event, the place was called the Deadman's Grain,—the latter word signifying the place of junction of two small

mountain rills which happen to meet in a forked manner. The nine lasses of Carsewell, whose situation must have been none of the most cheering, belonged, says tradition, to one farmer's family, named Henry.

IN FORFARSHIRE.

THE BEGGARS O' BENSHIE,
THE CAIRDS O' LOOR,*
THE SOUTERS O' FORFAR,
THE WEAVERS O' KILLIEMUIR.

(*Forfarshire.*)

IN FIFE.

THE NEW TOON O' BEKIRSTY,†
BALCARRAS, AND THE BROUGH,
PITTENWEEM AND ANSTER,
CRAIL AND ERINCROUGH;
CUFFABOUT AND CAULDSTREAM,
DIRT-PAT HA',
BANKHEAD AND ETHERNIE
IS UP ABUNE THEM A'.

(*Fifeshire.*)

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* *i. e.* Lower. † Balchrystie.

IN LANARKSHIRE.

CAULD KAIL IN COMESTANE,
AND CROWDIE IN QUOTHQUAN;
SINGIT SWEENS IN SYMINGSTANE,
AND BROSE IN PETTINAIN.

The places here mentioned are famed for their several not very favourite dishes. The whole lie in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. Quothquan, or Quodquan, consists in two villages, called the Upper and Nether Towns of Quothquan; and, though important neither from population nor wealth, this self-complacent little place had the assurance, in 1706, to petition the Scottish parliament against the Union.

IN THE VALE OF CLYDE.

CANNER AND CANNERMILL,
CANNERSIDE AND RAWHILL,
THE RICCARTOUN, THE RABBERTOUN,
THE RAPLOCH, AND THE ROSS,
THE MIRRYTOUN, THE SKELLYTOUN,
CORNSILLOCH, AND DALSERF.

FARMS IN PEEBLES-SHIRE.

GLENKIRK AND GLENCOTHA,
THE MAINS O' KILBUCHO,
BLENDEWAN AND THE RAW,
MITCHELLHILL AND THE SHAW,
THERE'S A HOLE ABUNE THE THRIEPLAND
HAS HELD THEM A'!

The farm-steadings here mentioned lie in the western district of Peebles-shire. The "hole abune the Thriepland" is a hollow in the side of a hill, shaped like a basin, and which stands in rainy weather nearly half full of water. On the upper side of the hollow, there is a cave penetrating the hill, and nearly blocked up with stones and shrubs. This is said to be of considerable extent; and, as tradition reports, gave shelter in the *persecuting times* to the inhabitants of the farms enumerated in the rhyme. Both the hole and the cave are evidently artificial; but it is probable that the latter was formed at a much later period than the other; and this is probable, from the circumstance of there being many such hollows in the hill-sides

of the neighbourhood, without the corresponding cave. Indeed, these hollows are justly supposed to have been used at a much earlier period of warfare and danger than the *persecuting times*,—namely, in the days of Wallace and Bruce. They were certainly places of military vigil, as the soldiers stationed in them could survey an extensive tract of country, without being themselves seen by the enemy whose motions they watched. They might even be of more remote origin and use, as there are several Romani camps in the neighbourhood.—Thriepland is near Bogha, where the immortal hero of Scottish independence (Wallace) is said, by Blair, to have fought a bloody but successful battle with the English; and where, according to tradition, various skirmishes of lesser consequence also took place.

IN EAST LOTHIAN AND BERWICKSHIRE.

I STOOD UPON EYEMOUTH FORT,*
AND GUESS YE WHAT I SAW?
FAIRNIESIDE AND FLEMINGTON,
NEWHOUSES AND COCKLAW;
THE FAIRY-FOUK O' FOSTERLAND,
THE WITCHES O' EDINCRAW,
THE RYE-RIGGS O' RESTON,
AND DUNSE DINGS A'!

There is an interesting variation of the above, as follows:—

THE FAIRY-FOUK O' FOSTERLAND,
THE WITCHES O' EDINCRAW,
AND THE RYE-KAIL O' RESTON,
GAR'D A' THE DOUGS DEE.

Fosterland once existed in the parish of Bunkle as a small village; but even its vestiges are not now visible upon the brown moor

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* Eyemouth Fort is the name of a rocky promontory near that village; but from which it would be impossible to see *all* the places, not to speak of persons, mentioned.

where it once stood. Edincraw, properly Auchincraw, is an estate in the vicinity of Fosterland; as also Reston. The rye-kail alluded to must have been a broth made chiefly of rye; which grain, it is well known, is sometimes so much tainted as to be poisonous. The circumstance upon which the rhyme is founded has not come to our knowledge, but seems obvious enough.

ST. ABB'S, &c.—*East Lothian.*

ST. ABB, ST. HELEN, AND ST. BEY,
THEY A' BUILT KIRKS WHICH TO BE NEAREST
THE SEA,—
ST. ABB'S, UPON THE NABS;
ST. HELEN'S, ON THE LEA;
ST. BEY'S, UPON DUNBAR SANDS,
STANDS NEAREST TO THE SEA.

St. Abb, St. Helen, and St. Bey, were, according to the country people, three princesses, the daughters and heiresses of a king of Northumberland, who, being very pious, and taking a disgust at the world, resolved to employ their dowries in the erection of churches, and the rest of their lives in devotion. They all tried

which should find a situation for their buildings nearest to the sea, and St. Ann succeeded,—her church being built upon a level space close to the water-mark; while St. Abb placed her structure upon the points, or *nabs*, of a high rock overhanging the German Ocean, and St. Helen pitched hers upon a plain near, but not exactly bordering upon the shore. None of these fabrics now remain, except St. Helen's in ruins.

CHURCH OF DEER.—*Aberdeenshire.*

"When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,—

"IT IS NOT HERE, IT IS NOT HERE,
THAT YE SHALL BUILD THE CHURCH OF DEER,
BUT ON TAPTILLERY,
WHERE MANY A CORPSE SHALL LIE.

"The site of the edifice was, accordingly, transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some

distance from the place where the building had been commenced."—*Macfarlane MSS. apud Notes to Lay of Last Minst.* p. 230.

EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND.

'TWEEN THE ISLE O' MAY
AND THE LINKS O' TAY,
MONY A SHIP'S BEEN CAST AWAY.

REPENTANCE TOWER.—*Dumfries-shire.*

REPENTANCE TOWER STANDS ON A HILL,
THE LIKE YOU'LL SEE NO WHERE,
EXCEPT THE ANE THAT'S NEIST TO IT,
FOUKS CA' IT WOODCOCKAIRE.

Repentance Tower stands upon a beautiful hill near the Solway. For its story, see the notes to Lord Herries' Complaint, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Woodcockaire is a hill contiguous to that on which the Tower stands. In remote times, it formed part of the large domains of the Carlyles, Lords of Torthorwald; and it is known to have afforded excellent fodder to the horses belonging to the garrison of Lochmaben.

ROSLIN.

"The tomb of Sir William Sinclair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a grey-hound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin Chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account,—as, that the knight of Roslin's fright made him poetical; and that, in the last emergency, he shouted,—

"HELP, HAUD AN YE MAY,
OR ROSLIN WILL LOSE HIS HEAD THIS DAY.

"If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his life in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument."—*Notes to Lay of Last Minst. p.* 341.

The old female cicerone, who exhibited the chapel before the person above mentioned, used

also to tell the story with the rhyme. She was a tall, slender, solemn personage, dressed in a black gown, with a piece of white muslin muffling her cheeks, like a nun; and, (what has often provoked laughter,) when interrupted in her story, she had always to commence it again from the very beginning.

BRIDGE OF TEATH.—*Perthshire.*

In 1530, Robert Spittel, who designated himself "tailzour (qu.? *breeches-maker*) to the maist honorabill Princes Margaret, queen to James the Feird," and who seems to have made a large fortune by his trade, founded the bridge of Teath, immediately above Doune Castle, for the convenience of his fellow-lieges, who, before that period, had no means of crossing the river, excepting by an old, ill-constructed, wooden bridge at Callander, some miles distant. Though this splendid edifice, however, was a work of charity, and intended exclusively for their convenience, the common people could not help regarding it with all the suspicion and dislike which the lower classes of Scotland entertain respecting every attempt at improve-

ment, comfort, or decoration. While they took advantage, therefore, of the expensive public work erected for their service, they could not help thinking upon the good old bridge of Callander with feelings similar, perhaps, to those of the Israelites, when they thought of the comfortable slavery of Egypt; and this sentiment seems to have extended itself into a comparison between the old and the new bridges, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The rhyme, in which this sentiment was embodied, has been preserved by tradition, though the object of its flattery is supposed not to have been in existence since the time of the Reformation.

THE NEW BRIG AT DOUNE, AND THE AULD BRIG O' CALLANDER,—
FOUR AND TWENTY BOWS IN THE AULD BRIG O' CALLANDER!

This, we suppose, alludes to the circumstance of there having been no fewer than the extraordinary number of twenty-four arches in the ancient bridge,—a peculiarity of structure which would by no means recommend it to a commit-

tee of modern architects, whatever might have been thought of its magnificence in former times. The reader will remark the curious coincidence between what is above recorded and the subject matter of Burns's admirable poem, entitled, " The Twa Brigs," where the popular opinions respecting bridges, ancient and modern, are brought into contrast in a style singularly happy and fanciful.

ROMAN FORT AT ARDOCH.—*Perthshire.*

BETWEEN THE CAMP AT ARDOCH AND THE GREEN HILL O' KEIR,
LIE SEVEN KINGS' RANSOMS FOR SEVEN HUNDER YEAR.

This is the present popular version of a rhyme otherwise given by Mr. Gordon in his Itinerarium, as follows:—

FROM THE FORT OF ARDOCH
TO THE GRINNAN-HILL OF KEIR,
ARE NINE KINGS' RENTS
FOR NINE HUNDRED YEAR.

The variations are not important, as the places are the same in each, and the supposed treasures are alike vast.

The *Camp* at Ardoch is supposed to be the most complete Roman fortification now existing in Britain. It lies in the parish of Muthil, Perthshire, upon a rising ground close by the Knaic Water, and at a short distance from a Roman causeway, which runs in a north and north-east direction from a part of the wall of Antonine, near Falkirk, past Stirling, and so on towards Dundee. The area of the camp was 140 by 125 yards within the lines; and beyond the scope of this measurement a great deal of ground is occupied by the remains of numerous walls and trenches. The *Prætentura,* or *General's Quarter,* rises above the level of the camp, but is not in the centre. It is a regular square, each side being exactly twenty yards. At present, it exhibits evident marks of having been inclosed by a stone wall, and contains the foundations of a house 10 yards by 7.

At the distance of half a mile from the camp at Ardoch stands the Grinnan Hill (*i. e.* Sunny Hill) of Keir, another Roman fortification of

inferior importance, supposed to communicate with the former by a subterranean passage. This is not a popular tradition only, but a probable fact, countenanced by the opinions of antiquaries, and by the following circumstance. Till the year 1720 there existed, about six paces to the eastward of the prætentura, the aperture of a passage, which went in a sloping direction downwards and towards the hill of Keir. This, according to the rhyme, was supposed to contain vast treasures; and there is a tradition that this supposition received something like confirmation about two centuries ago. In order to ascertain the fact, a man, who had been condemned by the baron-court of a neighbouring lord, was proffered his life, on condition that he would descend into the hole, and try what he could do in the way of treasure-finding. Being let down by a rope to a great depth, and then in a short time drawn up again to the surface, he brought with him some Roman helmets, spears, fragments of bridles, and other articles. On being let down a second time, he was killed by foul air; and though it was believed that, if he had lived, great discoveries would have been made, no one after that

thought it prudent to make the attempt. The articles mentioned lay at the house of Ardoch for many years, but were all carried off, by some of the soldiers in the Duke of Argyle's army, in 1715, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and could never afterwards be recovered. The mouth of the hole was covered up with a mill-stone, by an old gentleman, who lived at the house of Ardoch, while the family were in Russia, about the year 1720, to prevent hares from running into it when pursued by his dogs; and as earth, to a considerable depth, was laid over the mill-stone, the spot cannot now be found.

Sir James Balfour (in his Geographical Notes, MSS. Adv. Lib.) speaks of Ardoch as "a statione of the Roman soldears, or Spanish stipendiars, under the command of the proconsull Hostorius Scapula, in his march from the river Bodotria (Forth) against the Otholinians, quhen as he thought to have surprised the Pictish king in his castell of Baen-Artee."

Sir Robert Sibbald, in a dissertation* pub-

* "THULE,"—printed in Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's Remains, 1696.

lished about the end of the seventeenth century, has given a ground plan of the Roman castellum of Ardoch, below which he says "there are *caves.*"

Gordon has also illustrated its remains in his Itinerarium, as well as General Roy, in his government survey of 1755.

It ought not to be omitted in the history of Ardoch, that General Wade, in 1724, mutilated the fort, on the side next the water of Knaic, by cutting his famous military road along the trenches.

The eminence in the centre of the area, which, after Sir Robert Sibbald, we have called the *Prætentura,* seems to have been nothing more than the foundation of a Romish chapel of comparatively modern date, which has given to the whole works the grotesque popular appellation of "The Chapel-Hill." In the Retours, (*Retornatorum Abbreviatio,* Perth,) this place of worship is termed "The Croft called Raith, (*q. d.* Fortification,) or Chapel-Lands." It belonged to the priory of Inchmahome in Menteith, as appears from a tack, granted by "David Erskine, commendator of Inchmahome, with the consent of the convent, chapterly gad-

dered, to William Sinclair, of the Camp, and to Elizabeth Stirling, his spouse, of the said lands, &c. at Stirling Castle, September 7, 1613," &c.—*Book of Styles, MS., in the possession of a private gentleman, who permitted the writer to make this extract.*

MONEY-DIGGING RHYMES.

In Ayrshire, the following rhyme is prevalent, and is probably very old:

DONALD DIN
BUILT HIS HOUSE WITHOUT A PIN.

Alluding to Dundonald Castle, the ancient seat of King Robert II,* and now the last remain-

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* "Dundonald Castle, the scene of King Robert's early attachment and nuptials with the fair Elizabeth (Mure,) is situated in Kyle-Stewart, of which, from the remotest period, it appears to have been the chief messuage, about six miles south-west of Rowallan, and approaching within about a mile of the Firth of Clyde. Its situation, on the summit of a beautiful round hill, in the close vicinity of

ing property in Ayrshire of the noble family who take their title from it. According to tradition, it was built by a hero named Donald Din, or Din Donald, and constructed entirely of stone, without the use of wood,—a supposition countenanced by the appearance of the building, which consists in three distinct stories, arched over with strong stone-work,

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Dundonald Church, is singularly noble and baronial. Although evidently of considerable antiquity, yet certainly another of still greatly more remote origin to the present Castle of Dundonald once occupied the same site. To the more remote building, may allude the following rude rhyme, if it be not altogether a piece of rustic wit of recent times:—

"THERE STANDS A CASTLE IN THE WEST,
THEY CA' IT DONALD-DIN;
THERE'S NO A NAIL IN A' ITS ROOF,
NOR YET A WOODEN PIN."

History of the House of Rowallan, 50.

King Robert died at Dundonald Castle, *anno* 1390. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell visited the ruins, on their return from the Hebrides; and the former laughed outright at the idea of a Scottish monarch being accommodated, with his court, in so narrow and mean a mansion.

the roof of one forming the floor of another. Donald, the builder, was originally a poor man, but had the faculty of dreaming lucky dreams. Upon one occasion, he dreamed, thrice in one night, that if he were to go to London Bridge, he would make a fortune. He went accordingly, saw a man looking over the parapet of the bridge, whom he accosted courteously, and, after a little conversation, intrusted with the secret of the occasion of his visiting London Bridge. The stranger told him that he had made a very foolish errand; for he himself had once had a similar vision, which directed him to go to a certain spot in Ayrshire, in Scotland, where he would find a vast treasure; and, for his part, he had never once thought of obeying the injunction. From his description of the spot, however, the sly Scotsman at once perceived that the treasure in question must be concealed in neither more nor less than his own humble *kail-yard* at home, to which he immediately repaired, in full expectation of finding it: nor was he disappointed; for, after destroying many good and promising cabbages, and completely cracking credit with his wife, who esteemed him mad, he found a large pot-

ful of gold coin, with the proceeds of which he built a stout castle for himself, and became the founder of a flourishing family. This absurd story is localized in almost every district of Scotland, always referring to London Bridge; for the fame of Queen Maude's singular erection seems to have reached this remote country at an early period. Mr. Hogg has wrought up the fiction in a very amusing manner in one of his "Winter Evening Tales," substituting the Bridge of Kelso for that of London. Other tales of money-diggers and treasure-seekers abound in Scotland. We venture to record the following, on account of their accompanying rhymes.

A poor man, who dwelt at Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, dreamed three times in succession that there was a rich *pose* concealed at a particular spot near Carrenduff, in the neighbourhood of the village. Thither he went, to dig for the same. After working a good while, he came to what he considered the lid of a pot; and was just about to lift it up, when he heard a noise overhead, which caused him to look up. At a little distance from the scene of his exca-

vations, he perceived a bright blue flame issuing from a rock; which flame addressed him in a rhyme, the express words of which we have been unable to retrieve from oblivion, but of which the sense was, that the treasure was not to be found there, but somewhere on the other side of the hill. According to this injunction, he took up pick and shovel, and proceeded to the spot pointed out by the poetical flame, where he dug for a long time, and found nothing. He then returned to the spot he had left; but here he found the hole filled up, and the ground closed over, and looking as clean and neat as if it had never been touched since the creation.* Struck with wonder and fear, he resolved to give up the pursuit; and the consequence was, that, ever since, the place has been regarded by the common people as a *fearsome spat.*

The following story is still more curious than the above.—It is supposed by the people who

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* This must remind our readers of the open grave in "The Monastery," closed by the White Lady of Avenel, during the short absence of Halbert Glendinning.

live in the neighbourhood of Largo Law, in Fife, that there is a very rich mine of gold under and near the mountain, which has never yet been properly searched for. So convinced are they of the verity of this, that whenever they see the wool of a sheep's side tinged with yellow, they think it has acquired that colour from having lain above the gold of the mine.—A great many years ago, a ghost made its appearance upon the spot, and was supposed to be laden with the secret of the mine; but as it, of course, required to be *spoken to* before it would condescend to *speak*, the question was, who should take it upon himself to go up and accost it. At length, a shepherd, inspired by the all-powerful love of gold, took courage, and demanded the cause of its thus "revisiting," &c. The ghost proved very affable, and requested a meeting, on a particular night, at eight o'clock; when, said the spirit,—

IF AUCHINDOWNIE COCK DISNA CRAW,
AND BALMAIN HORN DISNA BLAW,
I'LL TELL YE WHERE THE GOWD MINE IS IN LARGO LAW.

This rhyme is also presented in another form and tense, as follows :—

GIN AUCHINDOWNIE'S COCK HADNA CRAWN,
NOR BALMAIN MILL-HORN BLAWN,
A GOWD MINE HAD BEEN AT LARGO LAW.

The shepherd took what he conceived to be effectual measures for preventing any obstacles being thrown in the way of his becoming custodier of the important secret ; for not a cock, old, young, or middle-aged, was left alive at the farm of Auchindownie ; while the man who, at that of Balmain, was in the habit of blowing the horn for the housing of the cows, was strictly enjoined to dispense with that duty on the night in question. The hour was come ; and the ghost, true to its promise, appeared, ready to divulge the secret, when Tammie Norrie, the cow-herd of Balmain, either through obstinacy or forgetfulness, " blew a blast both loud and dread," and I may add, " were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;" for, to the shepherd's mortal disappointment, the ghost vanished, after exclaiming,—

WOE TO THE MAN THAT BLEW THE HORN,
FOR OUT OF THE SPOT HE SHALL NE'ER BE BORNE.

In fulfilment of this denunciation, the unfortunate horn-blower was struck dead upon the spot; and it being found impossible to remove his body, which seemed, as it were, pinned to the earth, a cairn of stones was raised over it, which, now grown into a green hillock, is still denominated *Norrie's Law,* and regarded as *no canny* by the common people. This place is situated upon the estate of Forthar, which is memorable as having been the patrimonial property of the celebrated Dr. Archibald Pitcairn.

In the south of Scotland, it is the popular belief that vast treasures are concealed beneath the ruins of Hermitage Castle, but which, being in the keeping of the Evil One, are, therefore, considered beyond redemption. It is true, some hardy persons have, at different times, made the attempt to dig for them; but, somehow or other, the elements always on such occasions contrived to produce an immense storm of thunder and lightning, and deterred the adventurers from proceeding; otherwise, of course, the money would have long ago been found. It is ever thus that supernatural obstacles come

in the way of these interesting discoveries.—An honest man in Perthshire, named Finlay Robertson, about fifty years ago, went, with some stout-hearted companions, to seek the treasures which were supposed to be concealed in the darksome cave of a deceased Highland robber; but, just as they had commenced operations with their mattocks, the whole party were instantaneously struck, without attaining their object, as with an electric shock, which sent them home with fear and trembling; and they were ever after remarked as silent, mysterious men, very apt to take offence when allusion was made to their unsuccessful enterprise.

In the *south country*, it is also believed that there is concealed at Tamleuchar Cross, in Selkirkshire, a valuable treasure, of which the situation is thus vaguely described by a popular rhyme:—

ATWEEN THE WAT GRUND AND THE DRY,
THE GOWD O' TAMLEUCHAR DOTH LIE.

The following is another southern traditionary tale of money-digging.—A shepherd once dreamed, (as usual,) three times in one night, that there was a pot-ful of gold in his cabbage-garden. Upon digging, he found a pot; but, alas, it contained nothing! He was much disappointed; but, rather than lose all, turned over the empty vessel to the care of his wife, that it might be appropriated to domestic uses. About eighteen years thereafter, when the shepherd had almost forgot his delusive dream, the said vessel was hanging one day over the fire, in the respectable capacity of a *kail-pot*, when a pedlar came in, with his professional *drouth*, i. e. *hunger*, and was treated by the gudewife to a basin of broth. While devouring his mess by the fireside, his eye caught some strange characters encircling the rim of the pot, which he forthwith proceeded to inspect, and found to form a Latin sentence. Being, by some chance, acquainted with that language, he was able to explain the meaning in English to the honest couple, who affected to know nothing particular about the pot, and expressed but little curiosity respecting the

meaning of the legend, which was to the following effect:—

BENEATH THIS POT YOU WILL FIND ANOTHER,

being, perhaps, expressed thus, in a sort of monkish rhyme:—

INFRA HANC PATERAM,
INVENIENS A'TERAM.

The pedlar wondered what could be meant by this; and the proprietors of the pot wondered as much as he, though well they knew what was implied. After the stranger had taken his leave, they went to the garden, dug at the spot where they found the first pot, and, accordingly, discovered another, which was quite full of gold, and made them comfortable for life.

A story somewhat similar to one of the preceding is very well known in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock. It is popularly believed that, for many ages past, a pot of gold has lain *perdu* at the bottom of a pool beneath a fall of the Finnick Water, near Crawfordland Bridge,

and about three miles from Kilmarnock. Many attempts have been made to recover this treasure; but something always occurred to prevent their successful termination. The last was about a century ago, by no less a person than the laird of Crawfordland, at the head of a party of his domestics, who first dammed up the water, then emptied the pool of its contents, and were just upon the point of drawing up the object of their search, when a noise overhead caused them to let go their prize, and look upwards. They perceived a terrific figure standing on the top of the hill, using violent gesticulations, and crying,

TIP TOW!
CRAWFORDLAND'S A' IN A LOW!

Whereupon the laird, believing that the Devil had set fire to his house, in order to divert him from his researches, left the scene, followed by his servants, and ran home to save what he could. Of course, there was no fire whatever at the house; and when they came back to resume their operations, they found the water falling over the lin in full force; and such was

their consternation, that they durst not make any farther attempt; and no one has since been found of sufficient hardihood to encounter the dangers which are supposed to guard the treasure.

We conclude our anecdotes of money-digging with the following ludicrous story, so highly characteristic of Scottish cunning and Irish simplicity. On the farm of Clerkston, in the parish of Lesmahagow, there had existed since creation an immense stone, or *saxum*, which, being deeply bedded in the middle of a good field, at a great distance from any other rocks, was productive of infinite inconvenience to the husbandman, and defrauded the proprietor of a considerable portion of territory. Beneath this stone, it was believed by the country people of the last generation, that there was secreted a vast treasure, in the shape of "a kettle-full, a boot-full, and a bull-hide-full," of gold; all which got the ordinary name, reason unknown, of "Katie Neevie's hoord." The credibility of this popular tradition was attested by a rhyme to the following effect:—

BETWEEN DILLERHILL AND CROSSFOORD,
HERE LIES KATIE NEEVIE'S HOORD.

Many efforts had been made, according to the gossips, to remove the stone, and get at the treasure; but all were baffled by the bodily appearance of the enemy of mankind, who, by breathing intolerable flame in the faces of those making the attempt, obliged them to desist. Thus well guarded, the legacy of Mrs. Katherine Niven lay for centuries as snug as if it had been deposited in Chancery; and it was not till at least an hundred years after the last despairing effort had been made that the charm was at length broke. Mr. James Prentice, the present farmer of Clerkston, had the address to convince several Irishmen, who had served him during the harvest, of the truth of the said rhyme; and, by expatiating upon the supposed immensity of the treasure, wrought up their curiosity and their cupidity to such a pitch, that they resolved, with his permission, to break the stone in pieces, and make themselves masters of whatever might be found below. On the day after *the kirn*, therefore, the poor fellows provided themselves with a well-loaded gun, for the protection of their persons from the Devil, and fell to work, with punches and mallets, to blow up and utterly destroy the

huge stone which alone intervened between them and everlasting affluence. They laboured the whole day, without provoking any visit from Satan, and at last succeeded in fairly eradicating the stone from the field which it had so long encumbered; when they became at once convinced of the fallacy of the rhyme, of the craft of Mr. Prentice, and of their own deluded credulity.

PROPHECIES OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The names of Wallace, Bruce, Buchanan, and Burns, are not more familiar to the Scottish peasant than is that of Thomas Learmont, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, or, in the phrase of succeeding seers, "True Thomas." This personage united the profession of a poet with that of a prophet,—thereby realizing the idea which the Romans expressed by the word "vates." Of his poetical talents there remains one splendid monument in the romance of "Sir Tristrem," which was published by Sir Walter Scott in the year 1804, and is the earliest known specimen of Scottish poetry. But it is by the

multifarious prophetic sentences popularly ascribed to him, and which are no ways remarkable for any poetic quality, that he is best known in his native country.

Of Thomas the Rhymer, who must have been one of the most gifted men of his time, little is known at all, and still less with certainty. He was one of those rare and solitary lights of dark times, of which little more than the *shadow of a name* remains,—in whose case the task of the biographer descends from the developement of character, and the illustration of contemporary history, to dissertations on the probable date of a birth or death, and dubious refutations of former conjectures upon the same points.

It is at least certain that Thomas Learmont flourished during the latter half of the thirteenth century, and that he was the proprietor of a house and some adjoining lands near the village of Ersildoun, or Earlstoun, in Roxburghshire. He must have died before 1299; for his son then resigned the property of his late father to the fraternity of the Trinity-house of Soltra, in whose chartulary (preserved in the Advocate's Library) exists the document testifying this circumstance. From Bar-

bour's "Bruce," it is observable, that his predictions were held in such reputation, as to influence the conduct of that Scottish hero in 1306.

If we are to believe a story told by Fordun,* and repeated by Boethius and Spottiswoode, Thomas Learmont was held in repute as a prophet in 1285. On the day before the death of King Alexander III, "he did," says the latter historian, "foretel the same to the Earl of March, saying, 'That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.' Whence or how he had this know-

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* Fordun calls Learmont "*ruralis ille vates.*" Lib. x, cap. 40.

ledge," adds the sagacious historian, "can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."

It is affirmed by Mackenzie, in his Literary Biography of Scotland, that Learmont derived all his prophecies from an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington, who acted to him the part of an *Egeria*, and whose sayings he had only the honour of versifying. But as no authority has been discovered for this assertion, either in history or tradition, little credit is to be attached to it.

Laying aside both the credulity and the doubts of the learned, the truth may, perhaps, be more nearly attained by listening only to popular tale, which, bating what may appear superstitious, gives us, at least, a natural and consistent idea of the Rhymer.

According, then, to

> "——— Tradition's dubious light,
> That hovers 'twixt the day and night,
> Dazzling alternately and dim,"

Thomas Learmont was the *laird*, or proprietor, of a tower, near Earlstoun, of which part

of the walls, and nearly the whole of the lower vaults, still exist. That he was a man of distinction, is proved by the important character of his dwelling, which appears to have been a species of baronial tower; and this is confirmed by the expressions used in the charter of renunciation by his son above mentioned,—the renunciator being styled, "Thomas de Ercildoun;" while the property resigned is termed "ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui." Moreover, one of the Rhymer's popular appellations is "*Laird* Learmont," a phrase denoting much more distinction a few centuries back than now; and it is said by the country people in the neighbourhood of his residence, that he married the daughter of no less a personage than the Knight of Thirlstane, ancestor of the Lauderdale family.

Whatever might be the Rhymer's own rank or wealth, it does not appear that he entertained any hope that it would continue with his posterity; for he is said to have foretold the destruction of his habitation and family in the following lines, which are erroneously quot-

ed in the prophecies of Waldhave, printed at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, in 1615 :—

THE HARE SHALL KITTLE ON MY HEARTH-STANE, AND THERE NEVER WILL BE A LAIRD LEARMONT AGAIN.

Implying, that, in succeeding ages, wild animals should litter upon the innermost and most sacred *penetralia* of his house, and that he himself would be the last laird of his family. The first part of this prediction is said to have been fulfilled about a century ago, when a hare actually did take up her residence, and produce her young, upon the hearth-stone of the ruined tenement; and the second may, perhaps, be considered as verified by his son's alienation of the family property immediately after his demise.

The popular tale bears,* that Thomas was

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* Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii, p. 170, to which work we have been indebted for some of the above particulars respecting Thomas the Rhymer.

carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends, in the town of Ersildown, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still *drees his weird* in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth.

" In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon-tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called the Eildon-tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet

takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook,) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place, even attached itself, in some degree, to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist, who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard."

In addition to the oral report of Earlstoun, as to the existence of their celebrated townsman, the place contains a still more credible memorial. In the wall of the church of Earlstoun there is a stone, bearing this inscription:—

AULD RHYMER'S RACE
LIES IN THIS PLACE.

A family of the name of Learmont, or Learmonth, said to be descended from the Rhymer,

still claim and exercise the right of burying their dead in the ground adjacent to this stone, which is a modern copy of a more ancient one, destroyed about forty years ago by a company of drunken boors. Now, when we consider the singular degree of reverence paid in Scotland to places of sepulture, and that small patches of burying-ground have been known to be preserved in the possession of very humble families, without any other right than the good old one of "*use and wont,*" for several centuries, nothing could appear so probable as that this is the very burying-place of the sooth-sayer.

We now present to the reader all the rhymes attributed to Learmont which we have been able to collect,—premising, that though some are not strictly *local,* we have found it, in some measure, necessary to place them here, as forming part of one important subject.

One of the rhymes most popular at Earlstoun, referred to an old thorn-tree which stood near the village. It ran thus:—

THIS THORN-TREE, AS LANG AS IT STANDS,
EARLSTOUN SALL POSSESS A' HER LANDS.

Now, the lands originally belonging to the community of Earlstoun, have been, in the course of time, alienated piece-meal by the magistrates, till there is scarcely now an acre left. The tree fell during the night, in a great storm which took place in spring 1821; and what gave additional weight to the prophecy was, that the greater part of the shopkeepers in the town happened to be then, on account of a tissue of unfortunate circumstances, in a state of bankruptcy.

The Rhymer is supposed to have attested the infallibility of his predictions, by a couplet to the following effect:—

WHEN THE SAUT GAES ABUNE THE MEAL,
BELIEVE NAE MAIR O' TAMMIE'S TALE.

This seems to mean, in plain English, that it is just as impossible for the price of the small quantity of salt used in the preparation of "Scotland's homely fare" to exceed the value of the larger quantity of meal required for the same purpose, as for his prophecies to become untrue. If we might be permitted to venture a conjectural comment on the rhyme, it might

be observed, that the way in which "the saut" and "the meal" are mentioned, perhaps indicates, that these articles formed, in the Rhymer's time, almost the *only* food of the lower classes in Scotland,—a circumstance worthy of remark, since it would go far to prove that the condition of the common people was not, at that early period, very different, in one important particular, from the present; and, as a corollary, that Scotland has advanced very little in the arts of domestic comfort during five centuries. It will not escape the attention of the reader, that if the rhyme be the genuine production of Thomas Learmont, the homeliness of his self-applied appellation may be considered characteristic of the man and the period.

One of Learmont's prophecies refers to our own good town of Edinburgh, but is unfortunately altogether inexplicable, and as yet supposed to be unfulfilled,—though some wise people attempted to explain it, about five years ago, when the Crawley spring was introduced into the city, and the Edinburgh troop of yeomanry marched westwards to suppress the Radical rebellion.

WHEN THE WHITE OX COMES TO EDINBURGH CORS,
ILKA MAN MAY TAKE HIS HORSE.

Another of his prophecies was supposed to have been fulfilled about the same time:

A WINDY WINTER, AND A WET SPRING:
A BLUIDY SIMMER, AND A DEID KING.

The series of circumstances here referred to, were understood to be the stormy winter of 1818–19, the humid spring of the latter year, "the Peterloo massacre," and the death of King George III, in January 1820. The above version is taken from the lips of a middle-aged gentleman, who learned it in his infancy.

A native of Edinburgh, aged seventy-two, informs us, that, when a boy, the following prophectic rhyme, ascribed to True Thomas, and so complimentary to the good town, was quite common:—

YORK WAS, LONDON IS, AND EDINBRUCH 'ILL BE,
THE BIGGEST AND THE BONNIEST O' A' THE THREE.

In our informant's early days, Edinburgh consisted only in what is now called the Old

Town; and the New Town, though projected, was not then expected ever to reach the extent and splendour which it has since attained. Consequently, we are able to attest that the prophecy has not been put into circulation *after* its fulfilment became a matter of hope or possibility. Indeed, this is placed beyond a question, by the circumstance of the rhyme having been popular seventy years ago, and being now scarcely known. Recondite, however, and improbable as it is, we consider it worthy of preservation; and we may, moreover, be permitted to remind the reader, be he Yorkist, Londoner, or man of Edinburgh, that the good town is at present increasing more rapidly, both in extent and beauty, than any other city in the empire.

Among the unfulfilled predictions of the Rhymer is the following:—

ATWEEN CRAIK-CORS AND EILDON-TREE,
IS A' THE SAFETY THERE SALL BE.

The space specified is about thirty miles in extent. This rhyme came much into notice

during the early years of the French revolutionary war, when people of all ranks, excepting, perhaps, the very highest, laboured under the most agonizing apprehensions of invasion. In the south of Scotland, this prophecy then obtained universal credence; and the tract of country alluded to was well surveyed and considered by many wealthy persons, anxious to save their goods and lives, as the place to which they would probably fly for refuge, "in case of the French coming!" The danger of invasion having long past away like an unburst storm-cloud, leaving serenity and sunshine behind, it is now almost impossible for the youth of the present generation to imagine, or for older people to recollect, the state of the public mind at the time referred to; yet, in a time of peculiar prosperity and happiness, it may not be unseasonable to remind the aged, and to inform the young, of a period, when Wealth, holding bank-notes as the dust of the earth, busied himself in collecting and concealing well-marked crown and half-crown pieces,—when Old Age prayed that he migh tbe permitted to resign his breath in peace, ere he met death in a more dreadful form,—and when

Maternal Affection clasped her infant to her breast with more than ordinary solicitude, and thought how, by sacrificing herself, she might purchase safety to her beloved charge.

The following refers to the tree from beneath the shade of which the Rhymer delivered his predictions:—

AT EILDON-TREE IF YOU SALL BE,
A BRIG OWRE TWEED YOU THERE MAY SEE.

"This rhyme seems to have been founded in that insight into futurity possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to see that, when the country became in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less [*fewer*] than three bridges from the same elevated situation." *Minst. Scot. Bord.* iii, p. 210.

Another verse, referring to the future improvements of the country, may be taken as

even a more curious specimen of the same sort of wisdom. Learmont had the sagacity to discover that the ground would be more generally cultivated at some future period than it was in his own time; but, also knowing that population and luxury would increase in proportion, he was enabled to assure the posterity of the poor, that their food would not consequently increase in quantity. His words were:—

THE WATERS SALL WAX, THE WUDDS SALL WENE,
HILL AND MOSS SALL BE A' TORN IN;
BUT THE BANNO' 'ILL BE NAE THE BRAIDER.

"One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

"THE BURN OF BREID
SALL RUN FOU REID.

Bannockburn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of bannock to a thick round cake of unleavened bread." *Minst. Scot. Bord.* iii, p. 211.

The Rhymer satirized the estate of one of his

neighbours in the following lines, which seem to form only the half of a four-lines verse, the rhyme of which was alternate :—

THE HORSE 'LL GANG ON CARROLSIDE BRAES,
TILL HIS BANES COME THROUGH THE SKIN.

Carrolside Braes were, within the recollection of the present generation, very sterile ; and it is said, that, in reality, a horse, which once got liberty, by way of experiment, to graze over the whole territory, pined away, till he fulfilled the Rhymer's prophecy *ad literam*. It is now in an improved state, and capable of maintaining many horses, being in the possession of an enterprising proprietor, James Home, Esq. of Carrolside.

We are unable to afford any illustration of the following rhyme, attributed to Learmont, excepting an explanation of the technical phrases used in it :—

ON THE WATER-FA' AND THE WATER-SHED,
WHEN IS SEEN THE NEST OF THE RINGLE-TAILED GLED,
THE LANDS OF THE NORTH SALL A' BE FREE,
AND AE KING RULE OWRE KINGDOMS THREE.

The water-fall and water-shed are terms used to distinguish the marches or boundaries of property, when these extend vaguely along the tops of hills, without the possibility of a more substantial line. The former more particularly signifies the ridge where the water of heaven divides; and the latter denotes the declivity immediately adjacent on either side along which it descends. In title-deeds, these boundaries are usually described by the phrase, "as wind and water sheers and divides."

True Thomas seems to have turned his prospective mental optics not unfrequently towards the interesting subject of agricultural improvement. We have already exhibited proofs of his sagacity in the matters of both oat and barley-meal. It now remains to be shown, that he could see the disadvantages, as well as advantages, of future systems of cultivation. One of his prophetic rhymes runs thus:—

THERE SALL A STANE WI' LEADER COME,
THAT 'LL MAK A RICH FATHER, BUT A PUIR SON.

The small river of Leader takes its rise near the quarry which supplies that district with *lime,* and runs through part of the Rhymer's property before joining the Tweed. The farmers of this district have hitherto made great use of the said lime; and the present generation is said to be feeling the ultimately impoverizing effects of the practice,—hence the prediction, that it would "mak a rich father, but a puir son."

Some of the prophetic rhymes which follow, and close the local class, are popularly ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer no less than the above; but as they do not, like them, refer to either the author's own circumstances or peculiar district, we have judged it necessary to adopt a separate arrangement.

IONA.

The inhabitants of Iona entertain a belief that the desolate shrine of St. Columba shall yet be restored to its primitive glory and sanctity; and, in support of their belief, quote

no less credible authority than that of Columba himself, expressed in the following lines :—

AN I, MO CHRIDHE ! I MO GHRAIDH !
AN AITE GUTH MHANAICH BIDH GENM BA ;
ACH MUN TIG AN SAOGHAL GU ERICH
BITHIDH I MAR A BHA !

Thus literally translated :—

IN IONA OF MY HEART, IONA OF MY LOVE,
INSTEAD OF THE VOICE OF MONKS SHALL BE LOWING OF CATTLE ;
BUT ERE THE WORLD COME TO AN END
IONA SHALL BE AS IT WAS.

Implying, says Paterson, author of the "Legend of Iona," that the island, after ages of ruin and neglect, shall again be the retreat of piety and learning. This sentiment seems to have struck Dr. Johnson, without any knowledge of Columba's prophecy. "Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be some time again the instructress of the western regions." *Jour. to West. Isl.*

In illustration of the above rhyme it is necessary to state, that I (pronounced Ee) is the po-

pular local appellation of Iona. The inscriptions on some of the tombstones among the ruins of the monastery, of a very ancient date, designate it "Hi," or "Hij." I signifies island, and is synonymous with *inch*. Icolmkill, the name given to the island in honour of its celebrated resident, literally interpreted, signifies, *The Island of Columba of Cells*. Iona, which may be called the *classical* appellation of the island, since it was adopted by Dr. Johnson, signifies, in Gaelic, *The Island of Waves*,—what must appear a most appropriate etymology to all who have seen the massy and frequent waves of the Atlantic break upon its shore.

Another prophecy, still more flattering to Iona than the above, affirms, that "seven years before the end of the world, the sea, at one tide, shall cover the Western Islands and the green-headed Isla, while the island of Columba shall swim," or continue afloat.

SEACHD BLIADHNA ROIMH'N BHRA A
THIG MUIR THAR EIRINN RE AON TRA'
'S THAR ILE GHUIRM GHLAIS
ACH SNAMHAIDH I CHOLUM CHLEIRICH!

Dr. Smith of Campbellton has translated this

prophecy, with peculiar elegance, though with the most latitudinarian freedom, in two English ballad verses:

"SEVEN YEARS BEFORE THAT AWFUL DAY,
WHEN TIME SHALL BE NO MORE,
A DREADFUL DELUGE SHALL O'ERSWEEP
HIBERNIA'S MOSSY SHORE.
THE GREEN-CLAD ISLA, TOO, SHALL SINK;
WHILE, WITH THE GREAT AND GOOD,
COLUMBA'S HAPPIER ISLE SHALL REAR
HER TOWERS ABOVE THE FLOOD."

"Eirinn," the word in the Gaelic rhyme for "Hibernia's mossy shore" in Dr. Smith's version, signified, anciently, the Western Islands in general, Ireland included, though now the popular and poetical name of the *sister island* alone. In its more extended ancient sense, there is good reason for believing that it also included that part of the mainland of Scotland,—namely, Argyleshire, and its adjacent territory, which was certainly peopled from Ireland, at an early period, by the tribes whose sovereign eventually extirpated the Picts, extended his dominion over the Lowlands, and was the founder of the Scottish monarchy.

The island of Iona is separated from that of Mull by a strait about a mile broad. An islet close to the Mull shore, immediately opposite to the ruins of Iona, is called "Eilean nam Ban," that is, "The Women's Island." The name gives some countenance to a tradition of Columba, that he would not allow a woman or a cow to remain on his own island. The reason said to have been assigned by him for this ungracious command, is characteristic of his well-known piety; and, as is generally the case with remarkable sayings, preserved by tradition, couched in a distich,—

FAR AM BI BO BIDH BEAN
'S FAR AM BI BEAN BIDH MALLACHADH.

Literally signifying,—

WHERE THERE IS A COW,
THERE WILL BE A WOMAN;
AND WHERE THERE IS A WOMAN,
THERE WILL BE MISCHIEF [OR WICKEDNESS.]

The saying has settled into a proverb, and is generally repeated as a good-humoured satire on the fair sex.

PERTH.

This beautiful city suffered from a nocturnal inundation of the Tay, *anno* 1210;* and it is predicted that yet once again it will be destroyed in a similar manner. The Gaelic prophecy is couched in the following lines:—

TAA MHOR NA'N TOU N
BHEIR I' SCRIOB LOIN AIR PEAIRT.

Literally in English:

GREAT TAY OF THE WAVES
SHALL SWEEP PERTH BARE.

The town lies so little above the level of the river, that such an event does not seem improbable. There is also a Lowland rhyme equally threatening:

SAYS THE SHOCHIE TO THE ORDIE,
" WHERE SHALL WE MEET ?"
" AT THE CROSS OF PERTH,
" WHEN A' MEN ARE FAST ASLEEP !"

* So, according to Boece and others, though historians of the Dalrymple cast deny the event altogether.

These are two streams, which fall into the Tay about five miles above the town. It is said, that, on the building of the old bridge, the cross of Bertha was taken down, and built into the central arch, with a view to fulfil, without harm, the intentions of the Shochie and Ordie, and permit the men of Perth to sleep secure in their beds.

POWBATE.—*Peebles-shire.*

Powbate is a large, deep well, on the top of a high hill at Eddlestone, near Peebles, considered a sort of phenomenon by the country people, who believe that it fills and occupies the whole mountain with its vast magazine of waters. The mouth, at the top of the hill, called *Powbate Ee,* is covered over by a grate, to prevent the sheep from falling into it; and it is supposed, that if a willow-wand is thrown in, it will be found, some time after, *peeled,* at the *Water-laugh,* a small lake at the base of the hill, supposed to communicate with Powbate. Of course, the hill is expected to break some day, like a bottle, and do a great deal of mischief. A prophecy, said to be by Thomas the

Rhymer, and bearing evident marks of his style, is cited to support the supposition:

POWBATE, AN YE BREAK,
TAK' THE MOORFOOT IN YERE GATE.
MOORFOOT AND MAULDSLIE,
HUNTLYCOTE A THREE,
FIVE KIRKS AND AN ABBACIE !

Moorfoot, Mauldslie, and Huntlycote, are farm-towns in the immediate neighbourhood of the hill. The *kirks* are understood to have been those of Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith; and the *abbacy* was that of Newbottle, the destruction of which, however, has been anticipated by another enemy.

SUNDRUM, &c.—*Ayrshire.*

SUNDRUM SHALL SINK,
AUCHINCRUIVE SHALL FA',
AND THE NAME O' CATHCART
SHALL IN TIME WEAR AWA' !

This rhyme threatens the prosperity, and predicts the ultimate extermination, of the an-

cient Ayrshire family represented by Lord Cathcart. Sundrum and Auchincruive were formerly the property of this family, but, long since alienated, now respectively belong to J. Hamilton, Esq. and R. A. Oswald, Esq.—Sundrum, which, in bygone times, was the chief residence of the family of Cathcart, is situated about four miles eastward from Ayr, upon the banks of the water of Kill, and, being placed upon the top of a high brae of very ill-compacted material, (geologically speaking,) has really an insecure appearance. But, perhaps, the sinking with which it is threatened, is only a figurative allusion to the ruin of those who formerly possessed it. Many such prophecies are attached to the strongholds and names of families remarkable in feudal times for their power, or their oppressive disposition.

THE EWES OF GOWRIE.—*Perthshire.*

WHEN THE YOWES O' GOWRIE COME TO LAND,
THE DAY O' JUDGMENT'S NEAR AT HAND.

A prophecy prevalent in the Carse of Gowrie and in Angus-shire. The Ewes of Gowrie

are two large blocks of stone, situated within high-water mark, on the northern shore of the Firth of Tay, at the small village of Invergowrie. The prophecy is ancient, perhaps by Thomas the Rhymer, and obtains universal credit among the country people. In consequence of the natural retreat of the waters from that shore of the firth, the stones are gradually approaching the land, and there is no doubt will ultimately be beyond flood-mark. It is the popular belief, that they move an inch nearer to the shore every year. The expected fulfilment of the prophecy has deprived many an old woman of her sleep; and it is a common practice among the weavers and bonnet-makers of Dundee, to walk out to Invergowrie on Sunday afternoons, simply to see what progress "THE YOWES" are making!

THE DEE AND THE DON, &c.—*Aberdeenshire.*

WHEN DEE AND DON SHALL RUN IN ONE,
AND TWEED SHALL RUN IN TAY,
THE BONNIE WATER O' URIE
SHALL BEAR THE BASS AWAY.

This rhyme, known all over Scotland, is attributed to Thomas the Rhymer. The Bass is a high rock overhanging the water of Urie in Aberdeenshire. When the Dee was joined to the Don by a canal a few years ago,* the prophecy came into considerable notice. But as it was not considered probable that the Tweed would ever be united to the Tay, the popular apprehensions for the safety of the Bass were soon put to rest.

BRIDGE OF DON.—*Aberdeenshire.*

WHEN A WIFE'S AE SON, AND A MEAR'S AE FOAL,
SHALL MEET ON THE BRIG O' DON, DOWN IT SHALL FALL.

This is the present popular version of a rhyme alluded to by Lord Byron in the following note to his poem of "Don Juan."

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* The junction of the Carron and the Clyde was also predicted by Thomas the Rhymer; but no rhyme applicable to the prophecy is in existence.

"The brig of Don, near the *auld town* of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon-stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though, perhaps, I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

"BRIG OF BALGOWNIE, BLACK'S YOUR WA',
WI' A WIFE'S AE SON, AND A MEAR'S AE FOAL,
DOWN YE SHALL FA'!"

TWEED AND POWSAIL.

The small stream of Powsail falls into the Tweed a little below a small eminence called Merlin's Grave, near Drumelzier, in Peeblesshire. Whether the prophet or wizard Merlin was buried here or not, Pennicuick, who notices both the grave and the rhyme, cannot certify. The following popular version of the

rhyme is better than that which he has printed and, we believe, *improved:*

WHEN TWEED AND POWSAIL MEET AT MERLIN'S GRAVE,
SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND THAT DAY AE KING SHALL HAVE.

Accordingly, it is said, that on the day of King James's coronation, as monarch of Great Britain, there was such a flood in both the Tweed and the Powsail, that their waters met at Merlin's Grave. An ingenious friend remarks, that the lines might be originally intended to attest the improbability of the two hostile kingdoms ever being united under one sovereign, and as a means of keeping alive, at least in Scotland, the spirit of disunion. Both the events implied came to pass, it would appear, in the face of probability.

SETON.—*Haddingtonshire.*

BETWEEN SETON AND THE SEA
MANY A MAN SHALL DEE THAT DAY.

That this prophecy, which is still well known

in East Lothian, and supposed to have been fulfilled at the battle of Prestonpans, was not made *after* the event alluded to, is proved by its being mentioned in Patten's account of the Duke of Somerset's expedition into Scotland, printed in 1548.* "This battell and felde, now, y^e^ Scottes and we are not yet agreed how it shall be named. We cal it Muskelborough felde, because that is the best towne (and yet bad inough) nigh the place of our meeting. Sum of them cal it Seton felde, (a towne thear nie too,) by means of a blynde prophecy of theirs, which is this or sum suche toye, Betwene Seton and the sey, many a man shall dye that dey."—*Preface, p.* xi.

* Republished in Mr. Dalyell's "Fragments of Scottish History."

MONTROSE, DUNDEE, FORFAR, AND BRECHIN.

From the following rhyme, Dundee seems to be but in a staggering condition:

BONNY MUNROSS WILL BE A MOSS,*
DUNDEE WILL BE DUNG DOUN:
FORFAR WILL BE FORFAR STILL;
AND BRECHIN A BRAW BURROW'S TOUN.

Munross, in Gaelic, signifies *about or around a promontory*,—an etymology justified by such a local peculiarity in the situation of this thriving little town. The Latin name *Mons Rosarum* is of monkish origin, and is still used in the title-deeds of the family which takes its title from the town.

Munross, it is said, may also signify "Moss of the Promontory;" an interpretation favour-

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* Variation,—

ABERDEEN SHALL BE A GREEN.

able to the prophecy, which may thus be considered as only supposing that the ground shall return to its primitive condition.

DRYFESDALE KIRK.—*Dumfries-shire.*

This unfortunate kirk was for many centuries threatened with the following prediction:

LET SPADES AND SHOOLS DO WHAT THEY MAY,
DRYFE SALL TAK' DRYFESDALE KIRK AWAY.

The Dryfe is one of the most rattling, roaring, rapid mountain-streams in the south of Scotland,—a river of very equivocal character, uncertain size, and unsettled habits; never content for a week at a time with the same channel; now little, now large, now here, now there; insatiable in the articles of lint, corn, and hay, vast quantities of which it carries away every autumn; and, what is worst of all, a river of a most sacrilegious disposition, seeing that it has made a vow of perpetual enmity to the church and church-yard of Dryfesdale, and promises soon to destroy every vestige of the same. It may well be said that the last trait in its cha-

racter, which, before the year 1559, would have been enough to draw down upon it the terrors of excommunication, is the most strongly marked; for whatever circuitous channels, whatever new tracts it may be pleased to pursue in its way down the vale of Dryfesdale, it is always sure, before coming to the church, to resume that single and constant route, which there enables it to sweep impetuously round the bank on which the church stands, and gradually undermine its foundations.

These remorseless aggressions on the part of the Dryfe, which neither bribery, in the shape of a new and more pleasant channel, nor resistance, in the shape of banking, can withstand, have, at last, compelled the parishioners of Dryfesdale to remove their place of worship to the village of Lockerbie; which, being thus rendered the kirk-town, has taken away and appropriated all the prosperity of the former kirk-town of Dryfesdale. The stream of Dryfe is, therefore, left to work out the purpose of the prophecy at its leisure; and we are informed that it now seems on the point of accomplishing its will,—part of the walls of the ruined church actually overhanging the water.

The sepulchral vault of the ancient family of Johnston of Lockerbie, which contains some old monuments, must thus also be destroyed; and as for the church-yard, against which the wrath of the Dryfe seems to have been as fully directed as it was at the church, only a small portion is now left.

There is a saying in this district of Dumfriesshire, that "a Dryfesdale man once buried a wife and married a wife baith in ae day."—However strange this may appear, it is perfectly true; but the whole wonder is to be attributed to the incalculable Dryfe. In making its advances towards the church, the stream has, of course, made away with all the intervening part of the burying-ground. At every flood a portion of the ground has been carried off, together with the relics of mortality contained therein, as well as the grave-stones, some of which lie in the channel of the stream a good way down. On account of the attachment of the peasantry to their respective places of sepulture, the aggressions of the Dryfe, however threatening, have scarcely ever deterred the people from depositing their dead even close by the bank, and where there could be no pro-

bability of their being permitted to remain till decayed. So strong is this ruling passion said to have been, that one particular funeral company were not deterred from burying a deceased friend near the brink of the precipice, though a supernatural voice was heard from the water threatening them with the speedy abstraction of the coffin. A man having once buried his wife under these circumstances, the Dryfe soon succeeded in detaching the coffin; but expeditious as it was in this, not less expeditious was the widower in wooing a new bride; and it so happened, that, on the very day when he was leading his lady to church in order to marry her, the stream, being at flood, carried off the coffin of his former spouse. In going along the water-side, therefore, the bridal company were met, full in the face, by the coffin, which, as the country people tell the story, "came houdin' down the water in great haste." The poor bride took a hysteric, as became her; while the horror-struck bridegroom and his friends proceeded to re-inter her predecessor; and after hastily concluding this ceremony, they went on with the more blythesome affair of the bridal!

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that Dryfesdale church-yard was one of those honoured by the attentions of Old Mortality, and that that celebrated personage was found expiring upon the road near the burying-ground, while his old white horse, scarcely less interesting than himself, was discovered grazing among the tomb-stones, which it had been so long its master's delight to keep in repair.

MUSSELBURGH.—*Edinburghshire.*

MUSSELBURGH WAS A BURGH
WHEN EDINBURGH WAS NANE;
AND MUSSELBURGH 'ILL BE A BURGH
WHEN EDINBURGH'S GANE.

We need not say that this is a bravado on the part of the people of Musselburgh, for which there is not the slightest foundation in fact, and in the prophetic part of which there is not the least probability.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH CASTLE, TOUNE, AND TOWRE,
GOD GRANT THOU SINK FOR SINNE,
AND THAT EVEN FOR THE BLACK DINOURE
ERLE DOUGLAS GAT THEREIN.

This emphatic malediction, which is partly known also as a prophecy, especially in the south-western district of Scotland, appears to be the only surviving relic of a ballad on the death of William, sixth Earl of Douglas, a youth of eighteen, who, having been inveigled, by Chancellor Crichton, into the castle of Edinburgh, was there basely tried and beheaded, *anno* 1440. Hume, in his History of the House of Douglas, speaking of this transaction, says, with becoming indignation, "It is sure the people did abhorre it,—execrating the very place where it was done, in detestation of the fact,—of which the memory remaineth yet to our dayes in these words." As Godscroft seems to have known no more than the single verse, we are to suppose that it was popular, in its present form, so early as 1646, the date of "The History of the House of Douglas."

Characteristics of Localities.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LOCALITIES.

ABERDEEN.

THE BRAVE TOWN OF ABERDEEN.

" Panmure with all his men did come ;
The provost of *braif Aberdene*,
Wi' trumpets and wi' touke of drum,
Came schortly in their armour schene."

The Battle of Harlaw.

Spalding, the annalist, speaks often of the " brave town" of Aberdeen.

AE.—*Dumfries-shire.*

THE LADS OF AE.

" Ae is a moor in Dumfries-shire, having, of course, a glen, called Glenae,—the male inhabitants of which were long famed for broils,

battles, and feats of activity,—whence called 'the *Lads* of Ae,' a phrase, in some measure, expressive of their wild and daring character. At every fair and wedding, in those days, it was customary to have a fight; and the Lads of Ae were ever foremost in the fray.

"Before carts were used, or roads made in the country, and yet *within the memory of man*, the goods of merchants were all conveyed, from one place to another, on the backs of horses; and the farmers of Ae, who were almost all employed in this business, often transported merchandize in this manner from Glasgow to Carlisle, Manchester, and various other towns in England. Wherever they went, through England or Scotland, their names were famous for cudgel-playing, boxing, and similar exercises.

"A number of the Lads of Ae, under one of the Dalziels of Glenae, fought at the famous battle of Dryfe Sands, where almost all were killed; and not a man of them, it is said, would have escaped, had not young Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, (who was to have been married to Dalziel's daughter,) come to their assistance.—A little after this instance of heroism, Kirk-

patrick himself fell, greatly lamented."—*Note to "The Battle of Dryfe Sands," by William M'Vitie. Dumfries,* 1815.

AYR.

AULD AYR.

"Auld Ayr! wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses." *

Burns.

CARSE OF GOWRIE.

THE CARLES O' THE CARSE.

William Lithgow, the celebrated traveller, in his very singular book, referring to a jour-

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* We may be permitted to remark, that *the Ayrshire lasses* are worthy of this hackneyed compliment,—being, perhaps, the most beautiful women in Scotland. Witness also Sir Alexander Boswell, in one of his excellent songs:

"We'll awa' to Ayrshire,
Where green grow the rashes, O!
We'll awa' to Ayrshire,
To see the *bonny lasses, O!*"

ney through Scotland in 1628, calls the Carse of Gowrie an earthly paradise; but adds the following ungracious information.—"The inhabitants being only defective in affableness and communicating courtesies of natural things, whence sprung this proverb, *the Carles* (i e. Churls) *of the Carse.*" P. 394.

Pennant records an ill-natured proverb applicable to the people of the Carse of Gowrie, —that "they want water in the summer, fire in the winter, and the grace of God all the year round." We have, moreover, derived from an original source the following anecdote illustrative of this subject.—A landed gentleman of the Carse used to complain very much of the awkwardness and stupidity of all the men whom he employed, declaring, that, if he were only furnished with good clay, he believed he could make better men himself. This ridiculous tirade got wind among the peasantry, and excited their no small indignation. One of their class soon after found an opportunity of revenging himself and his neighbours upon the author, by a cut with his own weapon. It so happened that the laird was so unfortunate, one day, as to fall into a quagmire, the ma-

terial of which was of such a nature as to hold him fast, and put extrication entirely out of his own power. In his dilemma, observing a peasant approaching, he called out to him, and desired his assistance, in order that he might get himself relieved from his unpleasant confinement. The rustic, recognising him immediately, paid no attention to his entreaties, but passed carelessly by; only giving him one knowing look, and saying,—" I see ye're *making your men,* laird; I'll no disturb ye!"

DUNDEE.

BONNY DUNDEE.

DUNSE.

DUNSE DINGS A'.

That is, surpasses all other places; but in what respect it would be difficult to imagine. It may be mentioned, that this is only the opinion which the people of Dunse entertain of the town, as their neighbours, in general, scout the idea with great indignation.

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EDINBURGH.

THE GUDE TOUN OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is *not* called "the Good Town," in the decreet-arbitral pronounced in 1583 by King James, in confirmation of its mode of burgal government, nor even in an act of council dated 1658; but in an act of council dated 1678 it is so termed.

One of the senses of "gude," given by Dr. Jamieson, is, that it expresses rank, and means *honourable.* Thus, "gudeman" meant *laird.* The "Gudeman of North Berwick," (*Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 122,) is the same person who had been designed "Alexander Hume of North Berwick," at p. 93, where he is mentioned in common with "divers other barons and gentlemen." It is easy to see how a burgh, advanced to privilege by the royal fiat, would come to be styled "gude," or honourable; and that Edinburgh, as at length the chief of them, would be so styled eminently.

It is worthy of notice, that the keeper of the prison of Edinburgh was, during the seven-

teenth century, called "the Gudeman of the Tolbooth."

DUMBLANE.

DRUCKEN DUMBLANE.

This proverbial phrase perhaps arose from the alliteration, like other similar expressions; but we can testify, that it is by no means contradicted or discountenanced by the habits of the people of Dumblane.

FORFAR.

BROSIE FORFAR.

The legal gentlemen of this town are characterized as the "drucken writers of Forfar." Their tippling habits are finely illustrated by an anecdote of the late Earl of Strathmore.—The town is a good deal annoyed with a lake in its neighbourhood, which the inhabitants have long had it in contemplation to drain, and which would have been drained long ago, but for the expensiveness of such an undertaking.

At a public meeting held some years ago, for the discussion of this measure, the Earl said, that he believed the cheapest method of draining the lake would be, to throw a few hogsheads of good mountain-dew into the water, and set the *drucken writers* of Forfar to drink it up!

FALKLAND.

The inhabitants of Falkland, in Fife, from their neighbourhood to a royal palace, must have had manners considerably different from those of other districts. This is testified, even in our own days, when all traces of the refinement or viciousness of a court have passed away, as if they had never been, by a common expression in Fife:—

YE'RE QUEER FOUK, NO TO BE FALKLAND FOUK!

INHABITANTS OF GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND PAISLEY.

GLASGOW PEOPLE, GREENOCK FOUK, AND PAISLEY BODIES.

KIPPEN.

OUT OF THE WORLD AND INTO KIPPEN.

A proverb meant to show the seclusion and singularity of this district of Stirlingshire, of which the feudal lord was formerly styled King of Kippen.

KIRKALDY.

THE LANG TOUN O' KIRKALDY.

Kirkaldy is, in reality, as Andrew Fairservice represents it, as long as any town in all England, with, perhaps, a few exceptions; but we shall, no more than that honest serving-man, condescend to the trivial particular of its breadth.

LINLITHGOW.

THE FAITHFUL TOWN OF LINLITHGOW.

PEOPLE OF THE MEARNS.

THE MERRY MEN O' THE MEARNS.

MUSSELBURGH.

THE HONEST TOUN O' MUSSELBURGH.

Popular Reproaches.

THE hen-pecked philosopher in the old song, "Tak' your auld cloak about ye," says very truly, (though not in the sense we mean,)

"Ilka land has its ain *lauch*;"

And it is no less true, that almost every place is in its turn a subject of laughter to its neighbours. There is a nationality in districts as well as in countries: nay, the people living on different sides of a streamlet, or of the same hill, sometimes entertain prejudices against each other, not less virulent than those of the inhabitants of the different sides of the British Channel or the Pyrennees. This has given rise, in Scotland, to an infinite number of phrases, expressive of vituperation, obloquy, or contempt, which are applied to the inhabitants of various places by those whose lot it is to reside in the immediate vicinity. Some of these are versified, and have the appearance of remnants of old songs; others are merely couplets or single lines, generally referring to some circumstance in the history of the sub-

ject, which originally called forth the ridicule of the neighbours, and continues to do so traditionally. Almost all the counties of England have such standing jokes against each other. For instance, the men of Wiltshire are called "*Moon-rakers*," in commemoration, it is said, of a party of them having once seen the moon reflected in a pool, and attempted to draw it to the shore by means of rakes, under the idea that it was a tangible and valuable object. The inhabitants, too, of a village in Wales, where the last prince was betrayed into the hands of Longshanks, are still called "*Traitors*," by way of reproach. And, to call the people of Kent "*Kentish Men*," is considered a disparagement, while the phrase "*Men of Kent* has quite a contrary sense.

To the Local Reproaches here commemorated, we have added a few which are applicable to professions.

POPULAR REPROACHES.

LEITH.

KISS YOUR LUCKIE,—SHE LEEVES IN LEITH !

That this phrase is at least a century old, is proved by the circumstance of its being used in the poems of Allan Ramsay, who, in a letter, or rather a return of compliments, to his flatterer, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, thus elegantly expresses himself:—

" Gin ony sour-mou'd girning' bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we, like nags whase necks are yeuky,
Ha'e used our teeth,
I'll answer fine,—Gae kiss your lucky,
She dwalls i' Leith !"

What the origin or meaning of the phrase may be we cannot tell; though the poet, in an equally elegant note, thus attempts an explanation:—" It is a cant phrase, from what rise I

know not; but it is made use of, when one thinks it not worth while to give a direct answer, or thinks himself foolishly accused." Our curiosity having been not a little excited respecting this strange expression, we have made numerous and repeated inquiries respecting it, especially among the inhabitants of the honourable place referred to; yet, though the people of Leith usually get the credit of being at least *a century behind the rest of the world*, and would, therefore, seem peculiarly calculated to serve as informants for a collector of traditions, we cannot say that we have ever been able to find any one qualified fully to illustrate the phrase. By detailing, however, the few circumstances which follow, we hope to throw a little light upon this dark, but interesting, subject.

In confirmation of the meaning assigned to the phrase by Ramsay, we discover, that "Your luckie's mutch!" is, in Scotland, an ordinary exclamation, expressive of petulant contempt, or, as the case happens, of impatience under expostulation, advice, or reproof. The word *lucky* signifies an elderly woman,—is sometimes used as a phrase of style, like *mistress* or *goody*,

—and has another and different sense, when added to the words *daddy* or *minny*, in which cases it signifies grandfather or grandmother. But it is in the more unusual sense of *wife* that we must suppose it to be used above; and to say to a person, "Pshaw! your luckie's mutch!" is, therefore, neither more nor less than to remind him of his spouse's head-gear; though how such a reminiscence could be disagreeable, or in any way delicate, in the ears of a husband, seems inexplicable. It may be proper to mention, that, at least in Peebles-shire, it is customary to throw the phrase into a sort of rhyme, thus:—

YOUR LUCKIE'S MUTCH, AND LINGLES AT IT!
DOWN THE BACK, AND BUCKLES AT IT!

There is also a puerile rhyme, to the following effect, popular throughout all Scotland:—

LUCKIE LAUTHER LEEVES IN LEITH,

Or,

I'VE AN AUNTY DOWN AT LEITH,
WI' FOUR AND TWENTY TIMMER TEETH;
TEN TO CHACK, AND TEN TO CHOW,
AND FOUR TO EAT A BAWBEE-ROW.

Perhaps the term of relationship used in one of the versions of this childish ditty may countenance the supposition, that the word in the text does not signify wife, but some more distant kinswoman, and that the scope of the whole is a direction to the person addressed to go and *court his grandmother*. Yet great doubt is cast upon this, when we recollect, that the word *lucky* to this day obtains in the sea-port of Edinburgh, and that (we are assured) even in the best society, as a familiar, elegant, and endearing synonyme for *wife!*

Perhaps the best illustration of the curious phrase at the head of this article may be found in the past history and present manners of the savoury town of Leith itself. It was at an early period depressed by the tyranny of its baronial superior, Logan of Restalrig, and from his cruel hands only escaped as from the frying-pan into the fire, when that superiority was purchased by the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The magistrates of the capital, sensible that the advantages which it possessed as a sea-port would soon, if left in full independent action, prove injurious to the prosperity of their own city, took every measure for depressing it as a

separate town, and for directing towards Edinburgh the gains which were to be derived from its commerce. The natives and constant inhabitants of Leith were, therefore, forbidden to deal in any profitable trade, or even to enter into partnership with the citizens of the capital; and as every species of honourable profession thus of course fell into the hands of the latter, it is not to be wondered at, that the Leithers, in being confined to menial offices only, should have become degraded, both in household wealth and in manners. All this has, in latter times, been looked upon as oppression; yet such a charge against the magistrates of Edinburgh must appear unfounded and absurd, when it is considered, that the scope and tendency of their measures were merely the prevention of settlements in Leith to the prejudice of the city. There seems to have rather been a species of *wisdom* exercised in their policy; for, by having a sea-port at a convenient distance, and discouraging removals to such a seat of disgust, they secured to the community at large all the commercial advantages of a neighbourhood to the sea, without

exposing it to the customary contaminations of a sea-port.

The early inhabitants of Leith being, therefore, only the slaves and servants of those of Edinburgh, and possessing no sort of claim to consideration in the eyes of the rest of the world, the town itself must have at length become a perfect "hissing and reproach" to all who knew it. To be a native of Leith would be considered as equivalent to a mark of bondage and infamy; and it would be impossible to see, or even to think of, the place, without sensations of horror similar to those with which we visit a jail or penitentiary. The very mention of "Leith"—miserable, disgraceful Leith, —the native place of slavery and squalor,—the hideous refining-pot, through which Edinburgh distilled the sweets of commercial wealth, leaving the *scum* behind,—would in time be assimilated with the idea of all that was offensive to the senses: and as it was, perhaps, customary for the merchants of Edinburgh to keep their mistresses or sub-wives in this place, (a meaning we did not before think of,) the phrase, "Gae, kiss your lucky,—she lives in Leith!" might be neither more nor less than a taunt of

the most mortifying and humiliating nature which an offended and unmannerly person could use.

The early laws which repressed the population of Leith having been, of late centuries, in a great measure disused, the present inhabitants possess immunities nearly as great, and affect to hold their heads quite as high, as those of Edinburgh. It is but doing them common justice to say this, after presenting such a picture of their ancestors; yet, as bad laws often do little evil, so good laws as often do little good. Though the magistrates of Edinburgh have for a long time been accustomed to consider Leith and Edinburgh as equally entitled to their protection, and the capabilities of the respective citizens are decidedly upon a par, it does not follow that "The Leithers," as old Maitland called them, *are* as good in every respect as "The Edinburghers." Laws do not much or immediately affect manners; and thus it happens, that the people of the sea-port still exhibit a general inferiority to those of the capital,—not exactly the same sort of inferiority which distinguished them four centuries ago, but an inferiority in point of refinement of

manners. Whether this is the result of its primeval circumstances alone, or the general effect of what may be called *commercial provincialism,* we shall not take it upon us to say. We merely point out what is apparent to every eye, in illustration of certain local circumstances connected with an interesting subject.

THE CANONGATE—*Edinburgh.*

THE LASSES O' THE CANONGATE,
  O, THEY ARE WONDROUS NICE,
THEY WINNA GI'E A SINGLE KISS,
  BUT FOR A DOUBLE PRICE!
GAR HANG THEM, GAR HANG THEM,
  HICH UPON A TREE,
FOR WE'LL GET BETTER UP THE GAIT
  FOR A BAWBEE.

This rhyme, which seems intended for a satire upon the court ladies, was procured, thirty years ago, from the recitation of a very aged lady of quality. It is not now used; but wherefore should it, since the Delias of the Canongate are not now a whit more disdainful than those of the *High Gait! Tempora mutantur, et hæ mutatæ sunt cum illis.*

THE NETHERBOW.—*Edinburgh.*

This ancient place, which is said to have been in former times chiefly occupied by weavers, is no more exempted than its ancient neighbour, the Canongate, from popular reproach,—the following rhyme being still common among the children of Edinburgh:—

AS I GAED UP THE CANONGATE,
AND THROUGH THE NETHERBOW,
FOUR AND TWENTY WEAVERS
WERE SWINGING IN A TOW.
THE TOW GA'E A CRACK,
THE WEAVERS GA'E A GIRN,
FIE, LET ME DOWN AGAIN,
I'LL NEVER STEAL A PIRN.
I'LL NE'ER STEAL A PIRN,
I'LL NE'ER STEAL A POW,*
O FIE LET ME DOWN AGAIN,
I'LL STEAL NAE MAIR FRAE YOU.

---

* *A pow of lint* is the quantity put upon the distaff at once.

LITTLE DUNKELD.

WAS THERE ERE SIC A PARISH, A PARISH, A PARISH,
WAS THERE ERE SIC A PARISH AS LITTLE DUNKELL?
THEY'VE STICKIT THE MINISTER, HANGED THE PRECENTOR,
DUNG DOUN THE STEEPLE, AND DRUCKEN THE BELL!!!

"Little Dunkeld" is the name of the parish close to Dunkeld, on the opposite side of the Tay.

DUNBAR.

HEY THE HAGGIS O' DUNBAR,
FATHARA LINKUM, FEEDLE;
MONY BETTER, FEW WAUR,
FATHARA LINKUM, FEEDLE.
FOR TO MAK THIS HAGGIS NICE,
FATHARA, &c.
THEY PAT IN A PECK O' LICE,
FATHARA, &c.
FOR TO MAK THIS HAGGIS FAT,
FATHARA, &c.
THEY PAT IN A SCABBIT CAT,
FATHARA, &c.

MAYBOLE,—*Ayrshire,—commonly called Minniebole.*

MINNIEBOLE
'S A DIRTY HOLE,
IT STANDS ABUNE THE MIRE.

JEDBURGH,—*Roxburghshire.*

JETHART JUSTICE,—FIRST HANG A MAN AND SYNE JUDGE HIM.

According to Crawford, in his "Memoirs," the phrase *Jedburgh Justice* took its rise in 1574, on the occasion of the Regent Morton there and then trying and condemning, with cruel precipitation, a vast number of people, who had offended against the laws, or against the supreme cause of his lordship's faction. A different origin is assigned by the people. Upon the occasion, say they, of nearly twenty criminals being tried for one offence, the jury were equally divided in opinion as to a verdict, when one who had been asleep during the whole trial suddenly awoke, and, being interrogated for his vote, vociferated, "Hang them a'!" This does not seem precisely consistent with the latter part of the phrase, which, perhaps, applies better to Cupar, where the reproach is quite as proverbial as at Jedburgh, and where

a more probable origin is assigned to it. The story of the people of Cupar bears, that, on a man once refusing to come out of his room in the jail, to be tried, and having contrived to bar the officers out, they opened a hole in the ceiling, through which they poured water upon him, till he was drowned; after which, the body being brought out to the street, the judges and jury assembled over it, and pronounced sentence in due form, decreeing that he had "richly deserved to die."

The English phrase "Lidford Law," commemorated by Grose, bears the same signification.

BOWDEN,—*Roxburghshire.*

TILLIELOOT, TILLIELOOT, TILLIELOOT O'BOWDEN!*
OUR CAT'S KITTLED IN ARCHIE'S WIG;
TILLIELOOT, TILLIELOOT, TILLIELOOT O' BOWDEN,
THREE O' THEM NAKED, AND THREE O' THEM CLAD!

LAUDER,—*Berwickshire.*

LOUSIE LAUTHER!

This poor and squalid town labours under

* Tillieloot, an old Scottish term for coward or *chicken-heart.*

the above phrase of reproach, which, independent of "apt alliteration's artful aid," seems to be very well applied. It is said to have been first applied on the following occasion. Some of the inhabitants of Lauder were once disputing with a native of a neighbouring town upon the comparative merits of their respective places of abode, when the latter happened, in his endeavours to disparage Lauder, to call it a "*lousy place.*" Being required to prove his words, by shewing how he came to consider Lauder worthy of so disgraceful an epithet, he was somewhat posed for an explanation, but at length exclaimed, "Deed, I think there's nae muckle need o' proving the matter, for yere ain skins should ken better than I can tell ye; but there's just ae thing I'll swear to, and that is, that nae farer gane than yesterday, as I was commin' owre to the town, I met a Lauder chest o' drawers takin' the road for Edinburgh, o' its ain accord, as hard as it could hotch!"

ABERLADY.—*A Village in East Lothian.*

STICK US A' IN ABERLADY!

The following laughable origin is assigned to this phrase of reproach.—An honest man, who dwelt in Aberlady, coming home one day, was suddenly convinced of what he had never before suspected,—that his wife was not faithful to the nuptial vow. In a transport of rage, he drew his knife, and attempted to stab her; but she escaped his vengeance, by running out to the open street, and taking refuge among the neighbours. The villagers all flocked about the incensed husband, and, as usual in cases of conjugal brawls, seemed disposed to take part with "his poor wife." The man told his tale, with many protestations, expecting their sympathy to be all on his own side; but what was his disappointment, when the wives, with laudable indifference to his woful case, cried out, "Deed, billy, gin that be yere story, ye might *stick us a' in Aberlady!*"

The inhabitants of Aberlady to this day feel aggrieved when this unlucky expression is *cast*

up to them, and seldom fail to resent it with blows. Not many years ago, an English gentleman, residing with the Earl of Haddington at Tynningham, was invited by some wags at his lordship's table, after dinner, to go forth and cry, "Stick us a' in Aberlady," at the top of his voice, through the principal street of the village. He did so, and was treated for his pains with so severe a stoning, that he was carried to bed insensible, and never recovered from the effects of the frolic.

PATH-HEAD.

PICKLE TILL 'M IN PATH-HEAD!
ILKA BAILIE BURNS ANOTHER!

KIRRIEMUIR.

FAR ARE YE GAIN?—TO KILLIEMUIR!
FAARE NEVER ANE WIEL FURE,*
BUT FOR HIS ANE PENNY FEE.
Forfarshire.

---

* Fared.

SELKIRK.

SUTORS ANE, SUTORS TWA,
SUTORS IN THE BACK RAW !

If any of our readers desire to have a comfortable lapidation, they may parade the main street of the old burgh of Selkirk, crying this at a moderate pitch of voice.

KINGHORN.

HERE STANDS A KIRK WITHOUT A STEEPLE,
A DRUCKEN PRIEST AND A GRACELESS PEOPLE.

LANARK.

It is said that the burgh of Lanark was, till very recent times, so poor, that the single butcher of the town, who also exercised the calling of a weaver, in order to fill up his spare time, would never venture upon the speculation of killing a sheep, till every part of the animal was ordered beforehand. When he felt disposed to engage in such an enterprise, he

usually prevailed upon the minister, the provost, and the town-council, to take shares; but when no person came forward to bespeak the fourth quarter, the sheep received a respite till better times should cast up. The bellman, or *skelly-man,* as he is there called, used often to go through the streets of Lanark, with advertisements, such as are embodied in the following popular rhyme:—

BELL-ELL-ELL!
THERE'S A FAT SHEEP TO KILL!
A LEG FOR THE PROVOST,
  ANOTHER FOR THE PRIEST,
THE BAILIES AND DEACONS,
  THEY'LL TAK THE NEIST;
AND IF THE FOURTH LEG WE CANNOT SELL,
THE SHEEP IT MAUN LEEVE, AND GAE BACK TO THE
    HILL!

This rhyme, which is well known over all Clydesdale, may excite the ridicule of people who live in large cities, and have the command of plentiful markets; and the respectable little town of Lanark may thereby suffer considerably in the estimation of their more fortunate neighbours. Yet it is not, or was not, alone in

this occasion of reproach. The ceremony of advertisement is still gone through, at the death of a sheep, in the town of Auchtermuchty. In Peebles beef is unheard of, except once a-week. The numerous valetudinarian visitors of Innerleithen, in the summer of 1825, were almost starved upon a perpetuation of lamb; and there is scarcely, we believe, a small town in Scotland, where it is not customary to announce, by the bell, the drum, or the *clap*, the joyful intelligence of bovicide. Even in Edinburgh, we remember seeing announced, in an old magazine, the death (in 1795) of a *cadie*, or market-porter, who was old enough to remember the time when the circumstance of beef being for sale in the market was publicly announced in the streets of the capital! We need not, however, remind the reader, that it was then the practice of almost every family to lay in a stock of salted beef (called their *mart*) in November, sufficient to serve all the year round; and that, consequently, few thought of having recourse to the public market for a supply.—To such a system was this carried, that at least in one, if not more farm-houses, to our knowledge, the gudewife was in the habit of regu-

larly *salting the tripe* of the mart, by way of provision for the Highland reapers, whom she would require to entertain about ten months after.

IN VITUPERATION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THERE'S NOUGHT IN THE HIELANTS
BUT SYBOES AND LEEKS,
AND LANG-LEGGIT CALLANTS
GAUN WANTIN' THE BREEKS.

FARMS IN ANGUS-SHIRE.

STAR TAFT AND STAR COTTIN,
WHEN YE' VE GOT THERE, YE 'LL SEE MONIE A ROTTEN!
STAR COTTIN AND STAR TAFT,
YE 'LL SEE TWENTY THOUSAND IN THE LAFT!

WHIG RHYMES AFTER 1745.

THE CATS HAE KITTLED IN CHARLIE'S WIG,
THE CATS HAE KITTLED IN CHARLIE'S WIG,
THERE'S ANE O' THEM LIVIN' AND TWA O' THEM DEAD,
THE CATS HAE KITTLED IN CHARLIE'S WIG.

A PROTESTANT PRINCE FROM ROME DOES ADVANCE,
LULLIBULERO, LULLIBULEE!
AND, WHAT IS MORE RARE, BRINGS FREEDOM FROM FRANCE,
LULLIBULERO, LULLIBULEE!

ECCLESIAMAGIRDLE,

*One of the Ochill Hills, upon the south side of Strathearn.**

THE LASSES O' EXMAGIRDLE
MAY VERY WEEL BE DIN;
FOR, FRAE MICHAELMAS TILL WHITSUNDAY,
THEY NEVER SEE THE SUN.

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* The name of Ecclesiamagirdle was derived from a place of worship, and seems to signify "Church of St. Grizel." *Ma*, is Gaelic for *Sanctus*. Camerarius has omitted St. Grizelda in his Catalogue of the Saints of Scotland; but many saints had places dedicated to them in Scotland, who were not canonized as saints of other countries.

FAMILY OF GORDON.

THE GULE,* THE GORDON, AND THE HOODIE-CRAW,
ARE THE THREE WARST THINGS THAT MORAY EVER
SAW.

BUCHLYVIE.

BARON OF BUCHLYVIE,
MAY THE FOUL FIEND DRIVE YE,
AND A' TO PIECES RIVE YE,
FOR BUILDING SIC A TOWN,
WHERE THERE'S NEITHER HORSE MEAT NOR MAN'S
MEAT,
NOR A CHAIR TO SIT DOWN.

Buchanan, baron of Buchlyvie, was a prince of the blood-royal of the house of Kippen; and the rhyme seems to have been intended as a satire upon the wretched village which formed his principality.

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* A sort of darnel weed, very pernicious to corn.

ELLIOTS, ARMSTRONGS, JOHNSTONS, AND JARDINES.

ELLIOTS AND ARMSTRONGS, RIDE, THIEVES A'!
JOHNSTONS AND JARDINES, 'LIGHT, THIEVES A'!

The Elliots and Armstrongs predominate in the eastern districts of the border,—the Johnstons and Jardines in the western. Their respective neighbours still taunt them with the above allusions to their ancient riding propensities, and though their border spears have long been converted into shepherds' crooks, find it still possible thereby to excite their wrath in no ordinary degree.

Previous to the middle of the last century, as the Lords of Justiciary yearly passed between Jedburgh and Dumfries, Armstrong of Sorbietrees used to bring out a large brandy-bottle, from which he treated his friend the Lord Justice Clerk, (Sir Gilbert Elliot,) and the other members of the cavalcade, to a dram. The coach which contained the Lords usually stopped for a few minutes, while Sorbietrees cracked a few jokes with Lord Minto, with whom

he was very intimate. Upon one occasion, when the celebrated Henry Home, (afterwards Lord Kames,) for the first time went upon the circuit, as advocate-depute, Armstrong, in a whisper, asked Lord Minto, "Whatna lang, black, dour-lookin' chiel *that* was, they had got wi' them i' the front o' the coach?"— "That," replied his Lordship, "is a man come to hang a' the Armstrongs." "Faith, then," retorted Sorbietrees, shutting the coach-door, "its time the Elliots were *ridin'!*"

The Johnstons, ironically characterized as *gentle*, were the most disorderly of all the clans in the south of Scotland. A rival chief, with whom they had long been at feud, once succeeded in cutting off a party, whose heads he caused to be severed from the bodies, and put promiscuously into a sack. The bearer of the bloody burden, chuckling at the idea of having completely and forever quelled the turbulence of the clan, said, significantly, as he slung the sack upon his shoulder, "Gree amang yeresells, Johnstons!" which is still a proverbial expression in Annandale.

So exclusively are some districts inhabited by people of these names, that there are seve-

ral villages without any other. It is said that an English traveller, one winter-night, coming to a border town called Lockerby, went to every house in search of lodgings, but without succeeding in rousing any of the inmates. At length, an old woman looked over her window, and asked what he wanted. He exclaimed, piteously, "Oh, is there no good Christian in this town, that will give shelter to a poor benighted traveller?" "Na!" answered the woman, "We're a' Johnstons and Jardines here!" *

THE BOYS OF HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.

HERRI, HERRI-OTTY,
WI' THE SHORT COATIE!

The boys of the town of Edinburgh have, from time immemorial, been in the habit of insulting those of George Heriot's Hospital by

* This story has been improperly transferred to Argyllshire, the Johnstons and Jardines altered for the Campbells, and the traveller made an exciseman. But this,

this couplet of little meaning. The present dress of these boys is a short, broad-tailed brown coat, corduroy trowsers, and a close round leather cap,* with a snout in front. Yet, old-fashioned as this dress may appear, it is not many years since the boys wore breeches buttoned at the knees, with grey stockings. This was only abandoned in the year 1808. An old man, who was a boy in the Hospital in the memorable year 1745, informed us, that the boys then wore robes, with bands at the breast, similar to those of the Christ Hospital boys at London.

The boys of the Hospital have only one holi-

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though, perhaps, more piquant, is not so correct as the above version, localising the story at Lockerby, where the old woman's mistake was natural enough, because Christian is a common family name in the adjacent territory of Cumberland.

* These caps were manufactured, about half a century ago, by an old man named Graham, who had a shop at the *head* of the Cowgate, and was the father of Dr. James Graham, an infamous quack, whose magnificent projects and indecent lectures made a great noise in Edinburgh about the year 1784.

day in the year, the first Monday of June, when they get new clothes, and are permitted to range at will through the town. In anticipation of this happy occasion, they have the following rhyme:—

IT'S O! FOR THE STOCKINS,
IT'S O! FOR THE SHOON!
IT'S O! FOR THE GLORIOUS
FIRST MONDAY O' JUNE!

Aliter,—in allusion to the custom of dressing the statue of George Heriot with flowers, &c. on this holiday:

HEY FOR THE BIRK,
AND HEY FOR THE BROOM!
AND HEY FOR THE GLORIOUS
FIRST MONDAY O' JUNE!

WEAVERS.

THE DEAKON O' THE WEAVERS,
THE SOW-LUGGIT LOON,
HE'S AWA' TO EDINBURGH,
TO SEE THE NEW MUNE;
WI' THE TREDDLES ON HIS BACK,
AND SOWEN-MUG ABUNE,—
AND HE'S AWA' TO EDINBURGH,
TO SEE THE NEW MUNE!

Annandale, Dumfries-shire.

Variation at Broughton, near Edinburgh, thirty years ago:

SOWEN-MUG, THE WEAVER,
GAED UP TO SEE THE MUNE;
A' THE TREDDLES ON HIS BACK,
THE SOWEN-MUG ABUNE.

Also, in Tweeddale:

A WEAVER, A WABSTER, A WINDER O' PIRNS,
A LICKER O' DISHES, A SCUMMER O' KIRNS.*

SHOEMAKERS.

SHOEMAKER, SHOEMAKER, SEW MY SHUNE;
BRING THEM HAME WHEN A'S DUNE.

Peebles.

---

* The herd-boys of Biggar are wont to rise very early on Midsummer-fair morning, in order that, after feeding their charge, they may have as much of the day to themselves as possible for amusement. He who has the ill fate to be the latest in coming to the pasture, is saluted by his brethren with this stanza.

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The following proverbial couplet alludes despitefully to the professionalism of shoemakers:

A' SOUTERS AND SOUTERS' SEED,
NANE O' THEM BUT CAN BIRSE A THREAD.

Forfarshire.

CANDLEMAKERS.

THERE'S NAE ILLUMINATION,—
IT'S A' BIG LEES!
IT'S ONLY THE CANDLEMAKERS
WANTIN' BAWBEES!

Cried by the Edinburgh boys during an illumination.

SHEPHERDS.

SHEPHERDIE, SHEPHERDIE, SHERNIE HOUCH.
A' THE WATERS IN THE LOCH
WADNA WASH SHEPHERDIE'S SHERNIE HOUCH.
A' THE WATERS I' THE SEA
WADNA WASH SHEPHERDIE'S SHERNIE THIE.

LAMP-LIGHTERS.

CREESHIE PATIE BRAK A LAMP,
AND SAID IT WAS A LADDIE;
TAK' A STICK AND BREAK HIS BACK,
AND SEND HIM TO KIRKAWDY.

With this rhyme, which cannot be old, the boys of Edinburgh insult the lamp-lighter; an official who, perhaps on account of his connection with the police, seldom enjoys much of their good will.

In Peebles, the boys use the following:—

LEERIE, LEERIE, LIGHT THE LAMPS,
LANG LEGS AND SHORT SHANKS,
TAK' A STICK AND BREAK HIS BACK,
AND SEND HIM THROUGH THE NOR'GATE!

The Nor'gate is a street in Peebles, leading towards Edinburgh.

TAILORS.

TAILOR, TAILOR, JAB THE LOUSE,
HEAVE THE NEEDLE OWER THE HOUSE!
GIN THE NEEDLE IT COME BACK,
SET TO YOUR WARK,—NOR DRINK, NOR CRACK.*

CADGERS.

THE CADGER, WI' THE CANNIE BEAST,
LAP ON AHINT THE CREELS;
DOUN FELL THE CADGER,
AND UP GAT 'S HEELS!

Forfarshire.

---

* "The jovial tailor, at his carouse, sings merrily thus:—

"That man,—be he prince or noble born,
Our handicraft must him adorn."

Mr. Ure's History of Glasgow, (1736,) *p.* 276.

Rhymes

UPON

Families of Distinction.

RHYMES UPON FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION.

LESLIE.

BETWEEN THE LESS-LEE AND THE MAIR,
HE SLEW THE KNIGHT, AND LEFT HIM THERE.

Said of the founder of this family, in allusion to the localities of the chivalrous feat whereby he first signalised himself. The numerous and honourable family of Leslie assign for their "first man," Bartholomew, a Flemish knight, who settled in Aberdeenshire in the time of William I. Numerous branches of the family exist on the Continent,—especially in Germany, France, Russia, and Poland. There were at one time three general officers of the same name

in the service of three sovereigns, namely, Walter Count Leslie, of the Emperor of Germany; Alexander Earl of Leven, of the King of Great Britain; and David Leslie, (afterwards Lord Newark,) of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. The latter, the conqueror of Montrose, and of whom it was remarked, that fortune attended him so long as he stuck fast by the Covenant and Commonwealth, and forsook him when he entered the service of the King, is mentioned in another rhyme, which originated at the time of the civil war, and which seems to characterise the principal leaders of that period.

LESLIE FOR THE KIRK,
AND MIDDLETON FOR THE KING;
BUT DEIL A MAN CAN GIE A KNOCK
BUT ROSS AND AUGUSTINE.

Middleton, one of the most talented officers of his time, was afterwards infamous in Scotland, as the minister of Charles II, in 1662, when episcopacy was established.—Ross was a celebrated captain of horse in the service of the parliament, *anno* 1650, and distinguished himself

so much at the battle of Kerbester, where Montrose was taken, that he received the thanks of that body, besides a pecuniary gratuity.—Augustine, by birth a High German, but who seems to have entertained a sentiment of regard for Scotland almost amounting to *patriotism,* had the command of a troop in the army of Charles II, (1650,) and rendered himself famous by some very heroic exploits performed against the English army, under Cromwell. "Captane Augustine," is often mentioned with respect by Sir James Balfour, in the fourth volume of his "*Annales of Scotland.*"

HOME OF COWDENKNOWS.

VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE! WHEN AND WHERE?
UPON THE HOUSE OF COWDENKNOWS, NOW AND EVERMAIR!

This rhyme is ascribed to Thomas Learmont.

HAIG OF BEMERSIDE.

TIDE, TIDE, WHATE'ER BETIDE,
THERE 'LL AY BE HAIGS IN BEMERSIDE.

"This family," says Sir Robert Douglas,* "is of great antiquity in the south of Scotland; and in our ancient writings the name is written De Haga. Some authors are of opinion that they are of Pictish extraction: others think that they are descended from the ancient Britons; but as we cannot pretend, by good authority, to trace them from their origin, we shall insist no further upon traditionary history, and deduce their descent, by indisputable documents, from Petrus de Haga, who was undoubtedly proprietor of the lands and barony of Bemerside, in Berwickshire, and lived in the reigns of King Malcolm IV and William the Lion, which last succeeded to the crown of Scotland in 1165, and died in 1214."

From this Petrus de Haga the present pro-

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* Baronage.

prietor of Bemerside is nineteenth in lineal descent. The above rhyme, which testifies the firm belief entertained by the country people in the perpetual lineal succession of the Haigs, is ascribed to no less venerable and infallible authority than that of Thomas the Rhymer, whose patrimonial territory was not far from Bemerside. " The grandfather of the present Mr. Haig had twelve daughters before his wife brought him a male heir.* The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt."—*Minst. Scot. Bord.* iii, p. 209.

The family of De Haga is mentioned in " The Monastery," by Captain Clutterbuck, who says that his learned and all-knowing

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* This gentleman, being very pious, used to go out, once or twice a-day, to a retired place near his house, fall down on his knees, (placing his bonnet beneath, however,) and pray that God would send him a son. As his name was Zorobabel, we are led to suppose that he inherited this singular degree of piety, like his name, from some ancestor contemporary with Praise God Barebones.

friend, the Benedictine, could tell to a day when they came into the country. Bemerside is supposed to be the "Glendearg" of that romance.—There is a common saying in the south of Scotland,—"*Ye're like the lady o' Bemerside; ye'll no sell yere hen in a rainy day.*"

There is a parody, or rather additional couplet to the above rhyme, disparaging a family of dull good men, resident in the neighbourhood of Bemerside. It is to the effect that, whatever should befall, there shall be a *gowk*, that is, fool, in ———— hall. A story is told of the representative of this hopeful family having once hinted to his neighbour the laird of Bemerside, the disagreeable likelihood of the original prophecy failing, on account of his wanting a male heir; and the other retorting, in high pique, that there was little chance of the part which related to ———— ever bringing any discredit on the prophet.

GRAHAM OF MORPHIE.

The old family of the Grahams of Morphie was in former times very powerful, but at length became impoverised, and finally extinct. Among the old women of the Mearns, their decay is attributed to a supernatural cause. When one of the lairds, say they, built the old castle, he secured the assistance of the water-kelpy or river-horse, by the accredited means of throwing a pair of branks over his head. He then compelled the robust spirit to carry prodigious loads of stones for the building, and did not relieve him till the whole was finished.* The poor kelpy was glad of his de-

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* In Dr. Jamieson's poem of "The Water-Kelpie" (*Minst. Scot. Bord.* iii, p. 388) allusion is made to this superstition:

"Quha with a bit my mou can fit,
May gar me be his slave.
To him I'll work baith morn and mirk
Quhile he has wark to do,
Gin tent he tak I do na shak
His bridle frae my mou."

liverance, but at the same time felt himself so galled with the hard labour, that on being permitted to escape from the branks, and just before he disappeared in the water, he turned about, and expressed, in the following words, at once his own grievances, and the destiny of his task-master's family:—

SAIR BACK AND SAIR BANES,
DRIVIN' THE LAIRD O' MORPHIE'S STANES!
THE LAIRD O' MORPHIE 'LL NEVER THRIVE,
AS LANG'S THE KELPY IS ALIVE!

The present family of Morphie assumed the name and arms of their predecessors, on purchasing the estate.

FRASER.

A perpetuity of Frasers is promised to Philorth, by the following rhyme:—

AS LANG AS THERE'S A COCK IN THE NORTH,
THERE'LL BE A FRASER IN PHILORTH.

Philorth at present belongs to Fraser, Lord Salton.

MOSMAN OF AUCHTYFARDLE.

It is said that the progenitor of this family, at some period antecedent to his acquisition of the estate, being applied to by some famished drovers for a fardle or cake of household bread, presented them with no fewer than eight; whereupon, like the witches in Macbeth, they saluted him in the style of his future dignity, by pronouncing the following punning rhyme upon his beneficence, which is still well known in Lanarkshire, and especially in the parish of Lesmahagow :—

AUCHT FARDLE SIN' YE GIE,
AUCHTY FARDLE YE SHALL BE!

KENNEDY.

'TWEEN WIGTON AND THE TOWN O' AYR,
PORTPATRICK AND THE CRUIVES O' CREE,
NAE MAN NEED THINK FOR TO BIDE THERE,
UNLESS HE COURT WI' KENNEDIE.

This rhyme, which indicates the extensive power of the ancestors of the Earl of Cassillis, is preserved in the Macfarlane MSS., Advocates' Library.

CLANGREGOR.

CNOIC IS UISGH IS ALPANIC
AN TRUIR BU THINE 'BHA ALBIN.

Literal Translation.

HILLS, AND WATERS, AND ALPINS,
THE ELDEST THREE IN ALBIN.

SLIOGHD NAN RIGHRIBH DUCHAISAC
BHA SHIOS AN DUN STAIPHNIS
AIG AN ROBH CRUN NA H' ALB' O THUS
SAIG A ROBH DUCHAS FATHAID RIS.

Ancient Gaelic Stanza.

Literal Translation by Mr. Alexander Campbell, Editor of "Albyn's Anthology."

THE ROYAL HEREDITARY FAMILY,
WHO LIVED DOWN AT DUNSTAFNAGE,
TO WHOM AT FIRST THE CROWN OF ALBIN BELONGED,
AND WHO HAVE STILL [A. D. 897–1020] AN HEREDITARY CLAIM TO IT.

See Campbell's Edition of M'Intosh's Gaelic Proverbs, p. 207.

The foregoing Gaelic lines, of acknowledged antiquity, allude, the first couplet to CLAN-ALPIN, and the rest,* though somewhat indefinite in themselves, to CLANGREGOR ;—collective terms, which, including the numerous cadets having various surnames, are correlative, being expressive of a common male descent from both ALPIN and GREGORY, the latter of whom had sprung of the former, and, according to the very oldest of our national muniments, had been his grandson, being, as expressly asserted by the Gaelic historian, " son of Kenneth MacAlpin."†

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* They are conjectured to have applied to Gregory's kingdom of Scots and Picts, from his death to 1020, when Malcolm II enlarged Scotland from the Forth to the Tweed; and, consequently, to have been composed before that important accession of new territory to which the right of succession cannot be regarded as applying.

† Gaelic Manuscript, of date 1020, translated into Latin, under the title, " Chronicon de regibus Scotiæ a Kenetho MacAlpin ad Malcolmum MacKeneth." It was printed by Father Innes from the manuscript in the Royal Library of France, in 1729. See Innes's Critical Essays, &c. Appendix, No. iii, p. 784, with his learned remarks on this most ancient muniment in the body of the work.

Gregory, surnamed "the Great," and who, notwithstanding the obloquy of some modern writers, was not unworthy the splendid appellative, (as might be shewn, from various and very ancient authorities*), reigned, from 882 to 897, over the united kingdom of Scots and Picts; but, as the rule of *Tanistry* then prevailed, was succeeded in the throne, not by his son, but by a nephew, Donald, son of Constantine, brother, and penult predecessor, of Gregory. Nor did Gregory's posterity ever attain that regal *status* to which they had, for aught that appears, as good a claim as any others of the blood-royal. They, however, enjoyed as great advantages in regard to, not posts of honour only, but territorial acquisitions,

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* Register of St. Andrew's, of date 1251. See Innes's Critical Essay, Appendix, No. v, p. 801,—Chronicon Elegaicum, in Chronicle of Melross, written about 1250,—Pinkerton's Inquiry, vol. ii, Appendix, No. iii, p. 331,—and Chalmers's Caledonia, vol. i, p. 429.—These authorities will be found amply to illustrate the greatness of Gregory, whether as a warrior or a legislator. Buchanan says, (lib. iv, cap. 73,) "*merito apud suos Magni cognomentum est adeptus;*" and may be trusted in his *praises* of kings.

as any other subjects of the same rank, being, in early times, the allodial holders of the district betwixt the Dee and the Spey, and afterward of Glenurquhay (whence they had, during four centuries, from about 1004 to 1440, their style), Glendochart, and other lands in the shires of Argyll and Perth. The learned author of "Caledonia," whilst, contrary to his usual predilection, he has overlooked the best by far of the old authorities for Gregory's parentage, is of opinion that he was "by descent merely the Maormor of the ample country comprehending Aberdeen and Banff."* Gregory's being Maormor, Mor'air, or Earl, (as the Gaelic compound word came to be translated in the Saxon†), of the district alluded to, is

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* Caledonia, vol. i, p. 383.

† *Maormor* and *Mor'air* are the same Gaelic compound with the syllable transposed, and signify "Great Man," and, by eminence, "Great Officer." That the *Comites* or *Earls* were the ancient *Maormors*, under Latin and Saxon styles, is the opinion of Lord Hailes and Mr. Chalmers. See Hailes's Annals, 2d edition, vol. i, p. 331, and Chalmers's Caledonia, vol. i, p. 701. *Mor'air* is still, among the Gael, the generic appellation of the Peerage.

in strict accordance both with his being son of Kenneth MacAlpin and with his subsequently mounting Kenneth's throne; but, more especially, with a manuscript history of the family of Grant, dated 1719, now in the hands of a respectable cadet,* and which, with a candour unwonted in such histories, states, that "Neil MacGregor, lineally descended of Gregory the Great, King of Scotland," had a daughter, Mora, married, before the year 982, to Allan, eldest son of "Heming Grandt," and who obtained with her, "in portion or tocher," the lands of Freuchie and Ballachastel, in Strathspey; and that their son, Patrick, had, by Dordagilla, daughter of M'Pender, Earl (or Maormor) of Mearns, a son, Gregory of Ballachastel and Freuchie. This account, so far as regards the acquisition, by the chief of the Grants, of their principal messuage, is supported by another manuscript history of the Grants, by one of their name, and dated 1729.† The first of

* Grant of Bonhard, Perthshire.

† History of the Family of Grant, by Mr. John Grant, Minister at Cromdale. MS. in Macfarlane's Collections, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

these manuscripts is the more to be relied upon, as (besides its extreme candour in regard to the acquisition of Ballachastel and Freuchie, from another, and then depressed, family) it gives a very natural view of the way in which the christian name Gregory has been so much used by the family of Grant in various ages, although, as asserted in that history, this family be of Danish origin.

Whether the chiefs of the ClanGregor had attained to the rank of Mor'air, Maormor, or Comes, which was, at first, purely official and personal, is not certainly known ;* but if they had, they must have lost it before the time of Edward I of England, for the chief was then considered one of the MAGNATES SCOTIÆ, the

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* In the English records, which have been better preserved than the Scottish, many instances occur of noble titles falling into abeyance from the holders being overlooked in the summonses to Parliament. Some were summoned once only. Of others the heirs were not summoned. This alternate notice and neglect by the English monarchs forms one of the evidences of individual tyranny. See Beatson's Political Index, vol. i, List of the English Peers.

distinction, then, and long after, next to that of the Comites.*

Of the foregoing assertions, bold as they may be deemed, more abundant proof might be submitted, were it not, by the general class of readers, held inadmissible into a work of this nature.

As these chiefs obtained their lands before the introduction of charters into Scotland, †

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* Rotuli Scotiæ in Turre Londinense Conservati, whence it appears, that John of Glenurquhay, one of the Magnates Scotiæ, had been taken prisoner in the battle of Dunbar, 28th April 1296,—Rymer, under 1297, on the 30th of July, (7th August by the modern reckoning,) of which year John of Glenurquhay, with others of the Magnates Scotiæ, gave bail-bond to King Edward of England to serve him in his wars against the king of France.

† The earliest charter in Scotland is one by King Duncan II, 1094–5.—See Robertson's Index of Charters, pp. 153, 156, 157. Sir John M'Gregor of Glenurquhay (son of Gregor of Glenurquhay, by a daughter of Paul *na Sporan*, of Lochow, treasurer to King Malcolm II) flourished in the earlier part of the reign of Malcolm III, that is, about 1050. MS. history of the family of Campbell, as cited by Buchanan of Auchmar, *voce* Surname of MacGregor. For Paul *na Sporan*, i. e. "of the Purse,"

and had not, afterward, whether from pride or from inadvertence, got crown grants; so, when royal charters of lands had been bestowed in most other instances over the kingdom, they, along with some others, who, from similar circumstances, stood in the same predicament, were classed as "king's tenants," * removable by the sovereign,—a measure which had, as would seem, been introduced during the usurpation of Edward I of England, and was certainly confirmed by another sovereign, of Scottish birth indeed, but of English education, Robert Bruce, who, as is well known, nearly lost his life by a formidable conspiracy of the subjects thence arising, and for which he deemed it expedient not to spare the execution of even his nephew, a person otherwise of the highest character, David de Brechin.

John Campbell, Earl of Atholl, cousin-ger-

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who is described generally by the MS. quoted by Auchmar, as "holding great offices under Malcolm II." See Campbell of Kirnane's Genealogical Table of the Family of Argyle, in History of John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich.

* See Prynne, under Perthshire.

man, by his mother, of King David II,* having, as undoubtedly appears, married the heiress of M'Gregor of Glenurquhay,† obtained, along with her, early in the reign of this monarch, a royal charter of Glenurquhay. These had died (the Earl 19th July 1333, in the battle of Halidon‡) without issue; when M'Gregor's heir-male kept possession of Glenurquhay, as did several of his descendants,§ one of whom was expelled from this property, by Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow, (afterward by creation Lord Campbell,) early in the reign of James II, when the successful party gave Glenurquhay to a younger son of his own, Colin, afterward Sir Colin, known popularly as "the Black Knight of Rhodes,"‖ having been in a croisading ex-

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* Robertson's Index, xix, 105, and xxvi, 11.

† Ibid. xliv, 7.

‡ Fordun, xiii, 28.

§ This certainly appears from a Latin obituary, composed about 1531, and which gives the deaths of several M'Gregors of Glenurquhay, at Glenurquhay, subsequently to Atholl's time, and the death of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurquhay, in 1475. MS. *penes* Highland Society of Scotland.

‖ Douglas' Peerage, Wood's Edition, *voce* Breadalbane.

pedition. What right Sir Duncan had had to Glenurquhay does not appear. He *may* have had it as heir to the Earl of Atholl, the grantee under the charter above mentioned ; or he may have had it by grant from the crown, to which it had, in all probability, reverted on the death of Atholl and Countess without issue. But the silence observed on this point by all the genealogical and family historians, by the peerages, generally so ample in their information, and by the public records, makes it probable that both suppositions are too favourable to Sir Duncan, who, like most of the Scottish barons, could use the strong hand when his power kept pace with his will, as it certainly did when he put his son in possession of Glenurquhay,—being then king's lieutenant of Argyllshire, and armed, *ex officio,* with fire and sword against any party whose conduct could, by any possibility, be construed into rebellion against the crown.

That a family once illustrious, and of royal descent, should quietly succumb to the measures, legal indeed, but unjust, of which it had become the victim, could hardly be expected. The clan, accordingly, as appears, did not fail

to harass those who had thus not only shorn it of its honours, but got possession of its very means of existence. On the other hand, these, aided by all the power of the established government, proceeded, with the utmost keenness, to retaliation. Hence arose those mutual outrages, of which the blame has, by the public functionaries in the first instance, next by the popular historians (who are generally but superficial inquirers), and, after the example of both, by the periodical and several *gregarious* writers, been attributed to the unsuccessful party.

That ClanGregor committed great atrocities is neither denied nor palliated; but that it had been driven to this last resource by the intolerable oppression committed systematically by the other party, must, in the judgment of such as have regularly inquired into all the known facts of the case, instead of taking a hasty and partial survey of them, be deemed equally admissible. One thing is clear, that as the clan has not unfrequently stood forward in defence of the crown in the hour of need (as might be shewn by a detail of its loyal acts), so its acknow-

ledged turbulence, at other times, and when the crown was not in jeopardy, proceeded, not from that inbred aversion to order ascribed to this clan exclusively by some sagacious Celtic antiquaries, but from the necessity, both moral and physical, of regaining those means of existence, and that *status* in society, of which, under the shew of law, it had, in its own estimation at least, been most arbitrarily, unjustly, and cruelly denuded.

Not only were its territorial possessions, which had been held by its chiefs during so many hundreds of years, given away by a flourish of the pen; but its very name prohibited under pain of death, for an action instigated by the very individual appointed by the crown to keep the clan in good order,*—a prohibition which implied (*de jure* at least, if it had not entirely the effect in practice,†) the

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* This certainly appears from original papers preserved in the Register-House, Edinburgh.

† It actually fared with the operation of this, as of every law outrageously tyrannical, that it was often eluded.

annihilation, *in toto*, of its rights, personal as well as hereditable.

Even still ClanGregor (as if a clan now nameless by the *fiat* of the government could, by this power more especially, be supposed to exist!) was the object of ghostly terror to the public functionaries; for the secret council,—that Star-chamber of the north,—besides the barbarous policy of ordering the wives of the clan to be "marked with a key in the face,"* and of tendering rewards for the heads of the anonymous owners, and tempting these to cut each other's throats, decreed that the clan should wear no armour other than a pointless knife to carve its food,† nor assemble in parties exceeding four individuals.

> "The landless clan was found to grow
> Imperium in Imperio,

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* In justice to the lieges, it must be acknowledged, that no case is known in which this ungallant enactment was carried into execution.

† "Ony kind of armour but ane poyntless knyff to cutt thair meat under pain of death."

That baffl'd all the statesmens' swords,
And made them try the edge of words—
Sternly decree that one and all
Should die the death political;
And, lest even this should not suffice,
Set on each lopp'd-off head a price;
Of the clan-dames t' enhance the graces,
Order to red-hot stamp the faces.
The council, nervous for their lives,
Debarr'd all tools save table-knives;
And, that they safe might cross their doors,
Stinted the clan to groups of fours;
Said, first, in legislative glee,*
That no such clan should henceforth be;
And, next, as if the clan still was,
Subjected it to wholesome laws."†

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* The Secret Council is well known to have done business, when heated with wine, whilst Middleton was king's commissioner; and as the act alluded to was passed two days only before his Majesty's departure from Edinburgh, to take possession of the English throne, it seems not unfair to suppose it possible at least, that he and his council had legislated during, or immediately after, the festivities of his Majesty's *foy*. The Council now did to ClanGregor what the Parliament, 5th November 1600, had done to the surname of Ruthven.

† Lines by a nameless Clansman.

The acts of council, forbidding the names "Gregour" and "M'Gregour," specifying the panoply of the nameless clan, and limiting the numerical quantum of its popular assemblies, (which acts had been passed from 1603 to 1613 inclusive,) were ratified, *nominatim*, under the personal auspices of the British sovereign, by the Scottish Parliament, 1617, which stated, as the ground of its paramount interposition, that "the bare and simple name of M'Gregour maid that haill Clane to presume of thair power, force, and strenthe."*

This puerile tyranny (of which, indeed, there was, by the parliamentary repeal of the penal laws, a cessation from 1661 to 1693, at the later of which dates, and under the stern sway of that sovereign by whose express order the massacre of Glencoe had been perpetrated,†

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* *Ipsissima verba.* See latest printed edition of the Acts of the Scottish Parliament, by command of his Majesty King George III, vol. iv, p. 550. The regulation of "the poyntless knyff to cutt thair meat" was revised by the Parliament 1621, and made more extensively binding, under the same extreme penalty.

† See the royal mandate to this effect, published, first by Mr. Laing, and afterwards in the Culloden Papers.

they were revived, in a clandestine manner, as might be shewn, by the Scottish Parliament,) —has happily been put an end to by an act of the British legislature.* And although the territories of the chiefs still remain in the families who obtained them at the expense of the former proprietors, but had nearly lost them to the more ancient family, during those civil broils which hurried King Charles I to the block, and in which the chartered occupants joined his Majesty's enemies, whilst landless ClanGregor, with its accustomed loyalty, rallied around the tottering throne, (facts which can be fully proved)†, it has, in the recovery of its name, regained a valuable part of its rights, natural and political. Albeit, moreover, it can hardly be expected it should

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* A bill to this effect, brought into Parliament in 1774, obtained the royal assent early in the following year; and affords one of the many illustrations of the equity of the administration of his late most gracious Majesty King George III.

† See Spalding's History, vol. ii, p. 265; Wishart's Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose; Red Book of Clanronald, &c. &c. &c.

forget its ancient condition, it ought to be, as we have reason to think it is, its earnest desire, to suppress all feelings of animosity towards the descendants of those to whom, in times long since departed, and the recurrence of which is to be devoutly deprecated, it owed its depression.

GUTHRIE.

GUTHRIE O' GUTHRIE,
GUTHRIE O' GAIGGIE,
GUTHRIE O' TAYBANK,
AN' GUTHRIE O' CRAIGIE.

This rhyme, referring to the respectable old Forfarshire family of Guthrie, though not ancient, is well known in the neighbourhood of Dundee. The following is the traditionary account of the origin of the Guthries.—One of the kings of Scotland, when on an aquatic excursion to the northern part of his dominions, was overtaken by a storm, and driven ashore on the east coast, somewhere between Arbroath and Montrose. Getting in safety to land, his majesty, like the pious Æneas under similar

circumstances, turned his thoughts upon the means of acquiring food, wherewith to satisfy his own hunger and that of his attendants, both considerably sharpened by the sea-breeze. He had not, however, the good fortune of the Trojan hero, in either seeing or shooting

——————tres littore cervos
——errantes————————;

nothing was to be seen on the bare Scottish coast but a poor fisherwoman, who was cleaning some small fishes she had just caught. "Will ye gut ane to me, gudewife?" said the monarch. "I'll gut three!" being her immediate answer, the king exclaimed, in rapture at her heartiness and hospitality,

THEN GUT THREE
YOUR NAME SALL BE!

and immediately put her family in possession of the adjoining lands, which yet continue in the possession of her descendant, the present *Guthrie of Guthrie*.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

DUKE OF ATHOLL,—KING IN MAN,
AND THE WISEST MAN IN A' SCOTLAND!

This rhyme is common among the people of Lochaber, Badenoch, and other districts chiefly occupied by the tenants of the Duke of Atholl.

SOMERVILLE.—LORD SOMERVILLE.

THE WODE LAIRD OF LARISTONE
SLEW THE WORM OF WORME'S GLEN,
AND WAN ALL LINTON PAROCHINE.

The story which gave rise to this rhyme being related with considerable spirit by the gossiping author of the "Memorie of the Somervilles," we subjoin the entire passage for the amusement of our readers.

"In the parish of Linton, within the sheriffdom of Roxburgh, there happened to breed a hideous monster in the form of a worm,* so

* Orme, or worm, is, in the ancient Norse, the generic name for serpents.

called and esteemed by the country people, (but in effect has been a serpent, or some such creature,) in length three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinary man's leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatness, in form and colour to our common muir-edders.

" This creature, being a terror to the country people, had its den in a hollow piece of ground, upon the side of a hill south-east from Linton church, some more than a mile, which unto this day is known by the name of the Worme's Glen, where it used to rest and shelter itself; but when it sought after prey, then this creature would wander a mile or two from its residence, and make prey of all sort of bestial that came in its way, which it easily did, because of its lowness, creeping among the bent heather, or grass, wherein that place abounded much, by reason of the meadow-ground, and a large flow moss, fit for the pasturage of many cattle, (being naturally of itself of no swift motion,) it was not discerned before it was master of its prey, instantly devouring the same, so that the whole countrymen thereabout were forced to remove their bestial,

and transport themselves three or four miles from the place, leaving the country desolate: neither durst any passenger go to the church or market, upon that road, for fear of this beast. Several attempts were made to destroy it by shooting of arrows, throwing of darts, none daring to approach so near as to make use of a sword or lance; but all their labours were in vain. These weapons did sometimes slightly wound, but were never able to kill this beast; so that all men apprehended the whole country should have been destroyed, and that this monster was sent as a just judgment from God to plague them for their sins. During this fear and terror amongst the people, John Somerville being in the south, and hearing strange reports about this beast, was, as all young men are, curious to see it; and, in order thereto, he comes to Jedburgh, where he found the whole inhabitants in such a panic fear, that they were ready to desert the town. The country people, that were fled there for shelter, had told so many lies at first, that it increased every day, and was beginning to get wings. Others, who pretended to have seen it in the night, asserted it was full of fire, and in time

would throw it out, with a thousand other ridiculous stories, which the timorous multitude are ready to invent on such an occasion; though, to speak the truth, the like was never known to have been seen in this nation before. However, this gentleman continues his first resolution of seeing this monster, befall him what will: therefore, he goes directly to the place about the dawning of the day, being informed that, for ordinary, this serpent came out of her den about the sun-rising, or near the sun-setting, and wandered the field over to catch somewhat. He was not long near to the place when he saw this strange beast crawl forth of her den; who, observing him at some distance, (being on horseback,) it lifted up its head with half of the body, and a long time stared him in the face, with open mouth, never offering to advance or come to him: whereupon he took courage, and drew much nearer, that he might perfectly see all its shapes, and try whether or not it would dare to assault him; but the beast, turning in a half circle, returned to the den, never offering him the least prejudice: whereby he concludes this creature was not so danger-

ous as the report went, and that there might be a way found to destroy the same.

" Being informed of the means that some men had used for that end already, and that it was not to be assaulted by sword or dagger, (the ordinary arms, with the lance, at that time,) because of the near approach these weapons required, if the beast was venomous, or should cast out any such thing, he might be destroyed without a revenge. Being apprehensive of this hazard, for several days he marks the out-going, creeping, and entering of this serpent into her den, and found, by her ordinary motion, that she would not retire backward, nor turn but in half a circle at least, and that there was no way to kill her but by a sudden approach, with some long spear, upon horseback; but then he feared, if her body was not penetrable, he might endanger not only his horse's life, which he loved very well, but also his own, to no purpose. To prevent which, he falls upon this device, (having observed that when this creature looked upon a man she always stared him in the face, with open mouth,) in causing make a spear near twice the ordinary length, ordering the same to be plated with

iron at least six quarters from the point upwards, that no fire, upon a sudden, might cause it to fall asunder: the which being made according to his mind, he takes his horse, well acquaint with the lance, and, for some days, did exercise him with a lighted peat on the top of the lance, until he was well accustomed both with the smell, smoak, and light of the fire, and did not refuse to advance on the spur, although it blew full in his face. Having his horse managed according to his mind, he caused make a little slender wheel of iron, and fix it so, within half a foot of the point of his lance, that the wheel might turn round on the least touch, without hazarding upon a sudden breaking of the lance.

"All things being fitted according to his mind, he gave advertisement to the gentlemen and commons in that country, that he would undertake to kill that monster, or die in the attempt, prefixing a day for them to be spectators. Most of them looked upon this promise as a rodomontade; others as an act of madness, flowing from an inconsiderate youth; but he concerned not himself with their discourses. The appointed day being come, somewhat be-

fore the dawning of the day, he placed himself, with a stout and resolute fellow, his servant, (whom he gained by a large reward to hazard with him in this attempt,) within half an arrow-flight, or thereby, to the den's mouth, which was no larger than easily to admit the out-going and re-entering of this serpent, whom now he watched with a vigilant eye upon horseback, having before prepared some long small and hard peats, bedaubed with pitch, roset, and brimstone, fixed with small wire upon the wheel at the point of his lance: these being touched with fire, would instantly break out into a flame. The proverb holds good, that the fates assist bold men; for it was truly verified in him, fortune favouring the hardy enterprise of this young man. The day was not only fair, but extremely calm, no wind blowing, but a breath of air that served much to his purpose.

"About the sun-rising, this serpent, or worm, (as by tradition it is named,) appeared, with her head, and some part of her body, without the den; whereupon the servant, according to direction, set fire to the peats upon the wheel at the top of the lance, and instantly this resolute

gentleman put spurs to his horse, advanced with a full gallop, the fire still increasing, placed the same with the wheel, and almost the third part of his lance, directly into the serpent's mouth, which went down her throat into her belly, which he left there, the lance breaking with the rebound of his horse, giving her a deadly wound, who in the pangs of death, (some part of her body being within the den,) so great was her strength, that she raised up the whole ground that was above her, and overturned the same, to the furthering of her ruin, being partly smothered by the weight thereof.

" Thus was she brought to her death in the way and manner rehearsed, by the bold undertaking of this noble gentleman, who, besides a universal applause, and the great rewards he received from his gracious prince, deserved to have this action of his engraven on tables of brass, in a perpetual memorial of his worth. What that unpolished age was capable to give, as a monument to future generations, he had, by having his effigy, in the posture he performed this action, cut out in stone, and placed above the principal church-door of Linton kirk, with his name and surname, which neither

length of time nor casual misfortune has been able to obliterate or demolish, but that it stands entire and legible to this very day; with remembrances of the place where this monster was killed, called the Serpent's Den, or, as the country people named it, the Worme's Glen,*

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* "The spot mentioned in the text is still called the Worm's Glen, and the common people retain among them a traditional account of the feat of Somerville, nearly as described in the text. But the monument appealed to, which is still distinctly visible in the wall of the old church, throws a great doubt on the kind of monster which this valorous knight destroyed. The sculpture presents a rude representation of a horseman in complete armour, bearing a falcon on his arm, in allusion, probably, to Somerville's office of royal falconer. He is in the act of charging his lance down the throat of a large four-footed animal, probably a bear, or wolf, but which in no point resembles a serpent. There is an effaced inscription, afterwards mentioned in these memoirs, which the common people, (adapting it to their own tradition,) pretend run thus:

"The wode laird of Laristone
Slew the worm of Worme's Glen,
And wan all Linton parochine.

"The house of Somerville, in allusion to this exploit, and the means employed by their ancestor upon this occasion, bear, for a crest, a wyvern, (or heraldric dragon,) *vert*, perched upon a wheel, *or*."

whose body, being taken from under the rubbish, was exposed, for many days, to the sight of the numerous multitude, that came far and near from the country, to look upon the dead carcase of this creature, which was so great a terror to them while it lived, that the story, being transmitted from father to son, is yet fresh with most of the people thereabout, albeit it is upward of five hundred years since this action was performed."

At another part of "The Memorie," the author mentions a popular misconception of the knight who performed this enterprise.—"Some inhabitants of the south," says he, "attributing to William, baron of Linton, what was done by his father, albeit they have nothing to support them but two or three lines of a rude rhyme, which, when any treats of this matter, they repeat,—

"Wood Willie Sommervill,
Killed the worm of Wormandaill,
For whilk he had all the lands of Lintoune,
And sex mylles them about."

Memorie of the Somervilles, i, 63.

It may be proper to mention an additional circumstance, which the author, prolix and particular as he is, seems to have forgotten, or wilfully omitted, though it refers to no less important a matter than the origin of the surname of his family. We derive it from that most irrefragable of all authorities, the memory of an old woman,—one who was, moreover, the *oldest inhabitant* of the place where she lived; so, be hushed, ye sceptics!

According to the story in "The Memorie," Somerville performed his daring feat, merely in the sight of the gentlemen and commons of the country, and had his services acknowledged only by the inhabitants of the district which had been subject to the devastations of the worm. But, if our more magnificent edition is to be credited, the knight had the king, with all his nobles, for spectators, and was rewarded for his prowess by royal gifts. However, these are discrepancies of no importance, compared with that which follows. After he had dispatched the worm, says our venerable informant, he deliberately dismounted from his horse, cut its enormous body to pieces with his sword, and, as if that was not a satisfactory enough revenge

for the similar deeds of violence which it had committed upon the persons of the lieges, proceeded *to eat it up!* The surprise of the spectators at this ludicrous epilogue to the tragedy, is only to be conceived. They had such respect, however, for the knight, that they remained where they were till he had concluded his repast. When he had finished the whole carcase, the gallant knight rode out of the deep dell where the affray took place, and rejoined the royal party. All congratulated him, of course, on his achievement, and many expressed their wonder at the concluding feat; but none either congratulated or wondered so loudly as the king. "But, lock the door, man, Willie!" exclaimed his majesty; "how did the worm eat?" "Ou," replied the knight, "it just eated like a piece simmer veal!" "Then, Simmer Veal sall be your name!" replied the monarch.*

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* By the common people, Somerville is usually pronounced *Simmervell*, or *Simmerill*.

Family Characteristics.

FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS.

GORDONS.

THE GAY GORDONS.

The Gordons were not only so characterised by the people, but also by all the old ballad-writers. They were always considered very GALLANT, and, perhaps, gaiety only formed a part, or consequence, of this more general characteristic; for, as the old song says,—

> "He wha seeks for ladies' love,
> Maun be baith brave and *gay*."

In favour of their characteristic of *gallantry*, we have no less respectable authority than that of the blacksmith's wife in Waverley, who said

of that hero, on his arrival at the Lowland village, "I'll warrant him nane o' your wheengin' King-George fouk, but *a gallant Gordon* at the least of him."—*Wav.* ii, 123. In the ballad of "The Battle of Otterburn," they are styled *the Gordons gude;* but there rhyme, as well as the occasion, might determine the poet. Amidst the havoc of a battle, it would not have been so appropriate to style them *gay;* and they are, therefore, introduced in the following sterner terms:—

"The Gordons' gude, in English blude,
Did dip their hose and shoon."

We subjoin a ballad, never before published, in which they are styled *gay,* and in which a fine trait of their personal manners is preserved.

GLENLOGIE.

Four-and-twenty nobles sit in the king's ha',
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower amang them a':

In came Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mong a' that was there.

She turned to his footman, and thus she did say :—
O ! what is his name, and where does he stay ?"

" His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home :
" He is of *the gay Gordons*, his name it is John."

" Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an' you will prove kind,
" My love is laid on you, I'm telling my mind."

He *turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a'*,
" I thank you, Lady Jean, my love 's promised awa'."

She called on her maidens, her bed for to make,
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.

In came Jeanie's father, a wae man was he,
Says, " I'll wed you to Drumfendrich, he has mair gold
than he."

Her father's own chaplain, being a man of great skill,
He wrote him a letter, and indited it well.

The first lines he looked at, a light laugh laughed he ;
But ere he read through it, the tears blinded his e'e.

O ! pale and wan looked she when Glenlogie came in,
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat down.

" Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this side,
" And I'll be the bridegroom, and you'll be the bride."

O ! 'twas a merry wedding, and the portion down told,
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old.

In the following popular rhyme of the fifteenth century, the Gordons are also termed gay :—

WHERE LEFT THOU THY MEN,
THOU GORDON SO GAY?
IN THE BOGUE OF DUNKINTIE,
MOWING THE HAY!

The history of this rhyme is as follows :— Alexander de Seton, first Earl of Huntly, having been employed by King James II, with whom he was in high favour, to suppress several rebellions in the north, was successful in defeating that of the Earl of Crawford, at Brechin, in 1452, but was subsequently discomfited at Dunkinty by the Earl of Moray. Hume of Godscroft, in his History of the House of Douglas, gives a very interesting account of the latter incident. After the battle of Brechin, "Huntly," says he, "had the name of the victory, yet could not march forward to the king as he intended, and that partly because of his great losse of his men, partly for that he was advertised that Archibald Douglas, Earl of Murray, had invaded his lands, and burnt the Piele of Strabogie. Wherefore he return-

ed speedily to his own country, which gave Crawford leisure and occasion to pour out his wrath against them who had so treacherously forsaken them, by burning and wasting their lands. Huntly being returned to the north, not only recompensed the damage done to him by the Earl of Murray, but also compelled him out of his whole bounds of Murray ;* yet it was not done without conflict and mutual harm ; for Huntly, coming to Elgin in Murray, found it divided,—the one half standing for him, the other half (and almost the other side of the street) standing for the Earl of Murray ; wherefore he burnt the half which was for Murray ; and hereupon rose the proverb,—*Halfe done, as Elgin was burnt.*† While he is there, Murray assembled his power, which consisting mostly of footmen, he sate down upon a hill some two or three miles off, called the Drum of Pluscardine, which was inaccessible

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* This might give occasion to the rhyme denouncing the Gordon as one of the worst things that Murray ever saw.

† It is observable from this, that Elgin then could boast of but one street.

to the horsemen. Huntly forrowed *(plundered)* his lands, to draw him from the hill, or, at least, to be revenged of him that way, thinking he durst not come into the plain fields, and not thinking it safe to assault him in a place of such disadvantage. But Murray, seeing Huntly's men so scattered, came out of his strength, and falling upon four or five thousand horsemen, drave them into a bogue, called the Bogue of Dunkintie, in the bounds of Pittendriech, full of quagmires, so deep, that a speere may be thrust into them and not find the bottom. In this bogue many were drowned, the rest slain, few or none escaping of that company. There are yet (1646) to be seene swords, steel-caps, and such other things, which are found now and then by the country people who live about it. They made this round rhyme of it afterwards:

"Where left thou thy men, thou Gordon so gay?
In the Bogue of Dunkintie, mowing the hay!"

Hist. House of Doug. p. 197, 198.

THE CAMPBELLS.

THE GREEDY CAMPBELLS.

The Campbells seem to have deserved this designation, from their rapid acquisition of lands in the Highlands immediately after their settlement in the country. Political talent has always been a distinguishing characteristic of this clan, and is supposed in the Highlands, where such a quality was always despised, to have contributed more to their advancement in power and wealth, than the more honourable qualifications of a brave spirit and a strong arm. The stigma of "*greedy*" can, therefore, be only considered as grounded in a prejudice; though, no doubt, the advantages which the Campbells have always had over their neighbours on this account, were usually sufficient to excuse the indignation which gave rise to it.

The Campbells were also styled *fair and false* apparently on the same grounds. The most remarkable feature in the history of this clan, is its constant attachment to what modern cant styles "the great cause of civil and

religious liberty," which gave rise to a saying of King Charles II,—" That there never was a rebellion in Scotland, without either a Campbell or a Dalrymple at the bottom of it."

THE DALRYMPLES.

The Dalrymples, who share in the above accusation, and who, like the Campbells, owe the power which they have had in Scotland for upwards of a century to political talent, have always been noted for their foul speaking and gross wit, which gave rise to their popular appellation,

THE DIRTY DALRYMPLES.

The name Dalrymple, in Scotland pronounced *Darumple,* seems to have always been considered in a ridiculous light, probably on account of the middle syllable of the mispronounced word. In proof of this, and to shew that the prejudice is not deficient in antiquity, an anecdote is told of King James V. A court gentleman having complained to that monarch, that he was obliged to change his name, for

the sake of an estate, into one less fine in sound or honourable in history, the monarch said, " Hoot, awa, man! If ony body wad make me heir to sic a braw yestate, I wadna care though they should ca' me *Darumple!*"

When upon the subject of the Dalrymples, it may be worth while to allude to their very common Christian name, *Hew*. This is not Hugh, as is generally supposed; but a peculiar word, which is said to have originated in the following circumstance. One of the early kings of Scotland, after an unsuccessful battle, took refuge in the Bass Island, whither he was pursued by his enemies. His majesty planted himself on the very top of the rock, where his pursuers could not reach his person, without climbing one by one up a steep ascent. His only attendant, a Dalrymple, stood in the gap; and as every successive assailant came up, hewed him down with a sword. The king seeing his safety depend on the strength of one man, called out, " Hew, Dalrymple, hew!" and his defender, thus encouraged, accordingly hewed away at them with all his force, till the whole were dispatched. The monarch, in grati-

tude, gave him lands, and ordained Hew to be thenceforth his first name. In allusion, moreover, to this story, the crest of the Dalrymples is a *rock proper*.

THE GRAHAMS.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

As such, they give the name to a popular air. So also,

> " O ! the Grahams, the *gallant Grahams*,
> Wad the gallant Grahams but stand by me,
> The dogs might douk in English blude,
> Ere a foot's breadth I wad flinch or flee !"
>
> *Finlay's Old Ballads.*

A ballad in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border bears the name of " The Gallant Grahams." When we think of Montrose, and of the hero of Vittoria, can the claims of the family to this title be disputed ?

THE LINDSAYS.

THE LIGHT LINDSAYS.

The prompt and sprightly Lindsays were celebrated for their warlike achievements. At

the battle of Otterburn, their chief distinguished himself by personal prowess. The whole clan seems to have made a conspicuous figure on this memorable occasion.

" He chose the Gordons and the Grahams,
With them the *Lindsays light* and gay.
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till a' the fray was done."

Ballad of " *The Battle of Otterburn.*"

It is said that the Lindsays usually appeared in the Scottish army in the character of light infantry. But, perhaps, the phrase *light* only denoted gaiety of deportment.

THE MORISONS.

THE MANLY MORISONS.

This is, or was, especially applicable to a family, which had been settled for a long period at Woodend, in the parish of Kirkmichael, in Dumfries-shire, and become remarkable for the handsomeness of its cadets.

THE SOMERVILLES.

THE PUDDING SOMERVILLES.

In illustration of this phrase, we quote a passage in the Manuscript Memoirs of the Somervilles, which was omitted in the printed work, at the request of Lord Somerville, who thought it too discreditable, or ridiculous, for publication.

" Noe house of any subject of what degree soever, for hospitalitie, came near to Cowthally, and that for the space of two hundreth years. I shall, to make good this assertione, adduce noe meaner witnesses than the testimonie of three of our kings, viz. King James III, IV, and V. The first of these, in the storie of the Speates and Raxes, asserted that Lord S.'s kitchen bred moe cookes and better than any other nobleman's house he knew within his kingdom: The second, because of the great preparatione that was made for his coming to Cowthally, at the infare of Sir John of Quathquan, gave the epithete or nickname of LORD PUDDINGS to the Lord Somervill, and, out of ane pleasant hu-

mer, would need persuade him to carry a black and a white pudding in his armes, which gave the first occasione that to this day wee are still named the PUDDING SOMERVILLES. For King James V, from the eighteine year of his age to the threttie-two, he frequented noe noble-man's house soe much as Cowthally. It is true there was a *because*. The castle of Crawfuird was not far off, and it is weill enough knowne, as this king was a gallant prince, soe was he extremely amorous. But that which I take notice of as to my purpose, is, that his majestie very frequently, when occasione offered to speak of housekeeping, asserted, that he was sure to be weill and heartily intertained at Cowthally by his *Mother Maitland*,—for so the king gratiously and familiarly pleased to design the lady S. then wife to Lord Heugh the first of that name. Albeit there needs no farther testimonies; yet take this for a confirmatione of ther great housekeeping, that it is uncontravertedly asserted they spent a cow every day of the year; for which cause, it is supposed the house was named *Cow-dayly*."

THE HAMILTONS.

THE HAUGHTY HAMILTONS.

THE ARMSTRONGS.

THE STURDY ARMSTRONGS.

THE HUMES, SCOTTS, KERRS, AND RUTHERFORDS.

THE HAUGHTY HUMES,
THE SAUCY SCOTTS,
THE CAPPIT KERRS,
THE BAULD RUTHERFORDS.

Constantly associated as in one distich, though no rhyme is discernible.

THE JOHNSTONS.

THE GENTLE JOHNSTONS.

This must have been ironical. It is at least little in consonance with the epithet bestowed upon them by a distinguished modern poet:

"The rough-riding Scott and the *rude Johnston*."

DOUGLAS.

The house of Angus was characterized as

THE RED DOUGLAS.

That of Liddisdale as

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

" The last battell the Earl of Douglas was at, the Earl of Angus discomfited him; so that it became a proverb, 'The Red Douglas put down the Black.'" *Hume's Hist. House of Douglas, p.* 207.

THE DUFFS.

THE LUCKY DUFFS.

" Duff's Luck" is proverbial in Aberdeenshire, on account of the good fortune which seems to have attended numerous members of this family, in the acquisition of lands in that district. The phrase, however, can only be considered in the light of a compliment to the

Duffs; for, though the foolish, the unambitious, and the disappointed, usually ascribe success in life to luck, the wise man knows that skill alone leads to fortune.

THE SETONS.

TALL AND PROUD.*

THE MACRAES.

THE BLACK MACRAES O' KINTAIL.

THE MACRAWS.

THE WILD MACRAWS.

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* The Setons were a fair complexioned race, as appears from the family pictures in the possession of Mr. Hay of Drumelzier; wherefore their characteristic pride does not agree with a common rhyme respecting complexions.

LANG AND LAZY,
LITTLE AND LOUD,
RED AND FOOLISH,
BLACK AND PROUD.

Macrae and Macraw are but variations of the same name. This clan is said to be the most unmixed race in the Highlands,—a circumstance which seems to be attended with quite a contrary effect from what might have been expected, the Macraes and Macraws being the handsomest and most athletic men beyond the Grampians.

HAYS.

THE HANDSOME HAYS.

FOULIS OF COLINTON.

BLUIDY FOULIS O' COLINTON.

This popular expression must have originated at the time of *the Persecution*,—the latter years of the reign of Charles II and James II,—when Sir James Foulis of Colinton was Lord Justice Clerk, and of course instrumental in the deaths of the fanatical religionists of that unhappy period. We remember hearing an old man call Sir James by the *sobriquet* of BLUIDY MARGET; but how such a name could have originated does not appear.

THE MONTEITHS.

THE FAUSE MONTEITHS.

Originating, probably, in the treachery of Wallace's friend.

THE BOYDS.

THE TRUSTY BOYDS.

So, at least, characterised by Henry the Minstrel.

THE FRAZERS.

THE BAULD FRAZERS.

THE MACNEILS.

THE PROUD MACNEILS.

THE MACINTOSHES.

FIERY AND QUICK-TEMPERED.

THE MACDONALDS.

THE BRAVE MACDONALDS.

A hardly-earned and well-deserved epithet, which we do not consider invalidated by a rhyme popular among the Macgregors:—

GRIGHAIR IS CROIC,
DOMNUIL IS FREUC.

That is,

MACGREGOR AS THE ROCK,
MACDONALD AS THE HEATHER.

THE MURRAYS.

THE MUCKLE-MOU'ED MURRAYS.

This phrase is applied, we believe, only to the Murrays resident in the southern parts of Scotland, where the name is pronounced *Mora*. That the successive generations of a family continue to be distinguished by remarkable

features, is a natural fact so well known, that we shall not stop to expatiate upon the "muckle mou'" of the Murrays. The following legend, the circumstances of which, though strange, are all perfectly true, may perhaps serve as a more agreeable illustration of the phrase than any philosophical inquiry:

LEGEND OF THE LARGE MOUTH.

"Here's a large mouth indeed!"

SHAKSPEARE.—*King John.*

Arriving one evening at an inn in Glasgow, I was shown into a room which already contained a promiscuous assemblage of travellers. Amongst the rest, there was one whose features struck me as being the most horrible I had ever beheld. He was a large pursy old man, with a head "villanous low," hair like bell-ropes, eyes that were the smallest and most porkish of all possible eyes, and a nose which showed no more prominence, *en profile*, than that of the moon as exhibited in her first quarter upon a freemason's apron; but all these monstrosities were as beauties, as lovelinesses, as

absolute perfections, compared with the mouth, —the enormous mouth, which, grinning beneath, formed a sort of *rustic basement* to the whole superstructure of his facial horrors. This mouth—if mouth it might be called, which had so little resemblance to the mouths of mankind—turned full upon me as I entered; and, happening at the moment to be employed in a yawn, actually seemed as if it would have willingly received me into its prodigious crater, mumbled me to a mummy, and then bolted me, spurs and all!

On sitting down, and proceeding to make myself acquainted with the rest of the company, I discovered this monster to be a person of polite manners and agreeable conversation. He spoke a good deal, and always in a lively style. The best of him was, that he seemed quite at ease upon the subject of his mouth. No doubt, he was conscious of his supernatural ugliness,—for, whatever may be said of vanity and so forth, every person, male and female, with unpleasant features, is so; but he had none of the boggling, unsteady, uncomplacent deportment, so remarkable in the most of persons so circumstanced. On the contrary, there was

an air of infinite self-satisfaction about him; which told that he was either so familiar with the dreadful fact as to mind it not, or that he was a man of the world above considering so trivial a particular, or that he was rich, and could afford to be detested. His talk occasionally displayed considerable humour, and even wit. But he never laughed at his own jokes. He evidently dared not. Though his conversation, therefore, was exceedingly agreeable, his deportment was rather grave. He never opened his whole mouth at once. It was like a large carriage-gate, with a wicket for the convenience of foot-passengers. A small aperture, about the middle of it, sufficed for the emission of his words. And, sometimes, he made an opening at either flank relieve guard upon the central hole, especially when he happened to speak to some person sitting close by his side. Now and then, it closed altogether, and looked (for it could look) forward into the fire, with an appearance of pensive composure, as if speculating upon the red embers, and auguring the duration of the black coal above.

As the time of supper drew nigh, I began to feel an intense anxiety about the probable con-

duct of THE MOUTH at table. How so extraordinary a character would behave, what it would ask for, after what manner it would masticate, and, above all, how much it would devour,—were to me subjects of the most interesting speculation. I thought of the proverb of my native country, so ungracious to people with large mouths, and wondered if it would be in this case belied or confirmed. Should the appetite, thought I, be in proportion to the mouth, the scene will either be prodigiously horrible or highly amusing. But, perhaps, after all, this man is misrepresented by his mouth; great eaters have been known to be little, thin, shrivelled persons; while fat men have been supported ere now upon two spare meals a day; more would seem to depend upon the activity of the internal machine, than upon its outward capacity. Who knows but this man, with all his corporeal size and large mouth, may turn out a perfect example of abstemiousness! The question was one of deep concernment, and I continued to consider it till supper was announced as nearly ready. Upon the mention of that interesting word, I observed THE MOUTH suddenly bustle up, and

assume an air of promptitude, that seemed rather more favourable to the proverb than I could have desired. The man rose, and, going to a corner of the room where a number of portmanteaus lay heaped, selected and brought forward one. He opened it with a deliberation that was inexpressibly provoking, and, slowly turning up a few articles, at length produced a parcel. This he laid down upon the table, while I gazed on it with great and impatient curiosity, till the owner as deliberately strapped up, locked, closed, and finally replaced the portmanteau. He then took up the parcel, unfolded the paper, and took out a large strange-looking spoon. The proverb, thought I, will stand yet,—the spoon might have served in the nursery of Glumdalclitch. It was a silver implement, of peculiar shape. The *calix* was circular, like the spoons of the Romans, about four inches in diameter, and one deep in the centre, altogether bearing some resemblance to an ordinary saucer; and it had a short sturdy handle, with a whistle at the extremity. Observing the attention of the company to be strongly directed towards his spoon, the old man showed it round, with the most good-na-

tured politeness, telling us, that he had been so long accustomed to use this goodly article at home, that, when he happened to travel, he was obliged always to take it along with him, being unable to make such neat work of his soup with the ordinary implements which he found abroad. "But, indeed, gentlemen," said he, "why should I make this a matter of delicacy with you? The truth is, the spoon has a history, and my mouth, none of the least you see, has also a history. If you feel any curiosity upon these points, I shall give you a biographical sketch of the one, and an autobiographical sketch of the other, to amuse you till supper is ready." To this frank proposal all the company joyfully assented;

"Conticuere omnes, et intenti *ora* tenebant,"

upon the principle of "*when lions rair the dougs are dumb;*" and the old man began a narrative, of which the following is the substance.

His mouth was the chieftain and representative of a long ancestral line of illustrious and most extensive mouths, which had flourished, for upwards of two centuries, at a place called Tullibody, somewhere in the western parts of

Fife. There was a tradition, that the mouth originally came into the family by marriage.—Its introduction was a story of itself. A paternal ancestor of the speaker wooed, and was going to marry, a lady of great beauty, but no fortune, when his design was knocked in the head by the interference of his father, who very kindly told him, one morning, that if he married that tocherless dame he would cut him off with a shilling; whereas, if he took to wife a certain lady of his appointment, he would be so good as—not do that. The youth was somewhat staggered by his father's declarations, and asked time to consider. The result was, that he married the lady of his father's choice, who was the heiress to a large fortune and a large mouth,—both bequeathed to her by her father, one of the celebrated kail-suppers of Fife. When this was told to the slighted lady of his love, she was so highly offended, that she wished the mouth of her fortunate rival might descend, in all its latitude, to the latest generation of her faithless swain's posterity; and then took ill, and—married another lover, her *second-best*, next week, by way of revenge. The country people, who pay great attention to the sayings and do-

ings of ladies condemned to wear the willow, waited anxiously for the fulfilment of her malediction; and, accordingly, shook their heads, and had their own thoughts, when the kail-supper's daughter brought forth a son, with a mouth reflecting back credit on her own. The triumph of the ill-wisher was considered complete, when the second, the third, and all the other children were found to be equally distinguished by this feature; and, what gave the triumph still more piquancy, was, that the daughters were found to be no more excepted than the sons from the family doom. In the second generation, moreover, instead of being softened or diluted away, the mouth rather increased; and so it had done in every successive generation since that time. The race having been very prolific, it was now spread so much, that there was scarcely a face in Tullibody altogether free of the contagion; so that the person addressing us, who lived there, could in reality look around him with all the patriarchal feelings of the chief of a large Highland clan.

Fate and fortune are said to be very favourable to people with large mouths. So it proved

in this case. After the mouth came into the family, luck also came ; and still as the mouth had increased with successive generations, just so had riches increased. The third in line from the " first man," a cooper by profession, became so wealthy before he died, that he might have got his name handed down to immortality on a certain conspicuous, though dusty and illegible, board in the parish-church, along with those of other charitable persons, by leaving " ane hunder merks Scots to y^{e} pvir." Despising the humble glory of making such a legacy, and being too poor to found a college, and too wise to endow a cat, he did better ; he *founded a spoon*,—a spoon which should go down to future ages as a traditionary joke upon his family-feature, and remain forever in the hands of those who could appreciate his beneficence. He left it under certain provisions or statutes of foundation. The main scope of his intentions was, simply, that the spoon should always be possessed by his largest-mouthed descendant. In the first place, after his own death, it was to fall into the hands of his eldest son, a youth of highly promising mouth ; or, indeed, whose mouth was fully entitled to the

proverbial praise bestowed upon the cooper of Fogo,—"that it was father's equal and mair;" and who, moreover, entertained such a respect for the will of his parent, that he seemed likely to preserve and transmit the precious heir-loom with all due zeal and care. At his death, it was to become the property of the son, daughter, nephew, or niece, (for it was not limited to *heredibus masculis*, but, with laudable regard for the claims of the fairer sex, destined to *heredibus quibuscunque,*) who should appear to him, judging conscientiously and in his right mind, to have the mouth most fitted to enjoy it in all its latitude. At the death of that person it was to go to the next-largest mouth, *(isto, vel ista, judice)*, and so on in all time coming. After passing the second generation, of course uncles, cousins, and grand-nephews might become eligible, provided that the family should spread itself out into these relationships; but, *quibus deficientibus*, the nearest of kin and largest of mouth whatsoever, so that they were of the name, might come in as competitors, the same being always subject to the review and choice of the former possessor. In the case of any possessor being cut off suddenly, without

appointing a successor to his trust, then the affair was to be decided by a popular election.

It may seem a strange, though a liberal and even gallant, thing in the founder of the spoon, that he should have considered the females of his posterity in the statutes, seeing that, according to the ordinary rule of human nature, there was little chance of their ever being found to excel the males in point of mouth. Yet this was a very proper and well-judged article.—The truth is, that, as the feature had originally come into the family by a lady, so had it always continued to distinguish the daughters, to an equal, if not superior, degree with the sons. Indeed, the wisdom of the statute was put beyond a doubt, by the circumstance of a daughter having actually been, upon one occasion, (nearly a century ago), the possessor of the spoon! And this circumstance was the more remarkable on the following account.—This lady, when her mouth was brought to its last speech, attempted to bequeath the valuable heir-loom to her second, and favourite, and largest-mouthed son,—a person, of course, not eligible, on account of his being only the *half-blood*, and wanting the necessary name. By

this infraction of the statute, the spoon might have fallen into the possession of a new family altogether, and probably never again reverted to any one of the name and mouth of the founder. It is true, the articles were somewhat defective upon this point, and the question might have stood a discussion before the Fifteen. Yet the thing looked at least against the *spirit* of the founder's intentions; and, any how, the male-heirs determined, at all hazards, to oppose her will. Having come to this resolution at a general meeting, they forthwith marched *in posse* to the bed of their dying relative; and there, after lecturing her for some time upon the heniousness of her intentions,—which they did *cum oribus*, not only *rotundis*, but also both *longis et latis, imo etiam perlatis*, as Dominie Sampson would have said,—demanded the spoon, which, they said, she had fairly forfeited by her misconduct, one of the statutes containing the clause *ad vitam aut* CULPAM. The sons of the dying lady proposed to dispute the point; but she told them, that as she repented of her fault, she would endeavour to repair it before time and she should part for ever, by surrendering the spoon of her an-

cestors to its just and lawful claimants; and this she forthwith did. The large-mouthed host then went away satisfied, and proceeded to adjudge it by votes to one of two or three persons of the true blood, who entered as candidates for the highly-prized trust.

After the election, the whole clan entered into a paction, whereby they bound themselves and their posterity to take similar measures in case of the same exigency recurring. They might, however, have spared themselves this trouble, and left posterity free to act as it thought proper; for, thenceforward, (Fate seeming to take so important a matter into her own hand,) to the surprise and satisfaction of the family, the daughters began to be born with less and the sons with larger mouths than formerly; so that, though the law of *Tanistry** still prevailed, that entitled the *Salique* came into full force, as it were, of its own accord; and no instance had occurred for

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* The phrase applicable to the succession of uncles and nephews, in preference of sons, customary in the early ages of the Scottish monarchy.

a century past, of any female, married or unmarried, becoming so much as a competitor for the invaluable vessel,—which now glided peacefully down the current of ages, in the possession of a lineal male line of truly respectable mouths, prized by the happy inheritors, and honoured by the homage and veneration of all the rest of the family.

Just as the old gentleman concluded his narrative, supper was introduced, and we all rose, in order to re-arrange ourselves round the table. I now knew the history of his mouth and spoon; but I was still ignorant of the extent of his appetite. The confessions of the mouth had been ample and explicit; but it had been silent as the grave which it resembled, upon the corresponding matter of the stomach. My anxiety upon this point was excessive,—was painful,—was intolerable. I did not know what to expect of it. Ere we sat down, I cast it a look of awful curiosity. It was hovering like a prodigious rainbow over the horizon of the table, uncertain where to pitch itself,—

"——— avi simile, quæ circum litora, circum
Piscosos scopulos, ——— volat ———."

There was an air of terrible resolution about it, which made me almost tremble for what was to ensue. Still I hoped the best; and I at last sat down, with the resigned idea that time would try all.

The Mouth,—for so it might be termed *par excellence*,—was preferred by acclamation to the head of the table,—a distinction awarded, as I afterwards understood, (*secundum morem bagmanorum,*) not so much on account of its superior greatness, as in consideration of its seniority, though I am sure it deserved the *pas* on both accounts. The inferior and junior mouths all sat down at different distances from the great mouth, like satellites round a mighty planet. It uttered a short gentleman-like grace, and then began to ask its neighbours what they would have. Some asked for one thing, some for another, and in a short time all were served except itself. For its own part, it complained of weak appetite, and expressed a fear that it should not be able to take any thing at all. I could scarcely credit the declaration. It added, in a singularly prim tone of voice, that, for its part, it admired the taste of Beau Tibbs in Goldsmith,—"Something nice, and a little will

do,—I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over!" Hereupon, I plucked up courage, and ventured to look at it again. It was still terrible, though placid. Its expression was that of a fresh and strong warrior, who hesitates a moment to consider into what part of a thick battle he shall plunge himself, or what foes he shall select as worthy of particular attack. Its look belied its words; but again I was thrown back by its words belying its look. It said to a neighbour of mine, that it thought it might perhaps manage the half of the tail of one of the herrings at his elbow, if he would be so kind as carve. Was there ever such a puzzling mouth! I was obliged again to give credit to words; yet again was I disappointed. My neighbour, thinking it absurd to mince such a matter as a *Glasgow Magistrate,* handed up a whole one to the chairman. The Mouth received it, with a torrent of refusals and remonstrances, in the midst of which it began to eat, and I heard it continue to mumble forth expostulations, in a fainter and fainter tone, at the intervals of bites, for a few seconds, till behold the whole corporate substance of the burgal dignitary had melted away to a long

meagre skeleton. When done, its remonstrances changed into a wonder how it should have got through so plump a fish; it was perfectly astonishing; it had never eaten a whole herring in its life before; it was an unaccountable miracle. I did not hear the latter sentences of its wonderments; but, towards the conclusion, heard the word "fowl" distinctly pronounced. The fowls lying to my hand, I found myself under the necessity of entering into conference with it, though I felt a mortal disinclination to look it in the mouth, least I should betray some symptom of emotion inconsistent with good manners. Drawing down my features into a resolute pucker, and mentally vowing I would speak to it though it should blast me, I cast my eyes slowly and cautiously towards it, and made inquiry as to its choice of bits. In return for my interrogation, I received a polite convulsion intended for a smile, and a request, out of which I only caught the important words "breast" and "wing." I made haste to execute the order; and on handing away the desired viands, received from the Mouth another grateful convulsion; and then,—thank God, all was over! Well, thought I, at this juncture, a

herring and a fragment of fowl are no such great matters,—perhaps the mouth will prove quite a natural mouth after all. In brief space, however, the chairman's plate was announced as again empty; and I heard it receive, discuss, and answer various proposals of replenishment made to it by its more immediate neighbours. I thought I would escape; but no,—the fowl was really so good, that it thought it would trouble me for another breast, if I would be so kind, &c. I was of course obliged to look at it again, in order to receive its request in proper form; and, *oh, me miserum!* neglecting this time my former preparations of face, I had nearly committed myself by looking it full in the mouth, with my eyes wide open, and without having screwed my facial muscles into their former resolute astringency. However, instantly apprehending the amount of its demands, my glance at the mouth fortunately required to be only momentary, and I found immediate relief from all danger in the ensuing business of carving. Yet even that glance was in itself a dreadful trial; it sufficed to inform me, that the mouth was now more terrible than before,—that there was a fearful vivacity about

it,—a promptitude,—an alacrity,—and energy,—which it did not formerly exhibit. Should this increase, thought, I, it will soon be truly dreadful. I handed up a whole fowl to it, in a sort of desperation. It made no remonstrances, as in the case of the herring, at the abundance of my offering. So far from that, it seemed to forgive my disobedience with the utmost good-will; received the fowl, dispatched it with silence and celerity, and then began to look abroad for further prey. Indeed, it now began to crack jokes upon itself,—a sportive species of suicide. It spoke of the spoon; lamented that, after all, there should be no soups at table whereon it might have exhibited itself; and finally vowed, that it would visit the deficiences of the supper upon the dessert, even unto the third and fourth dish of *blanc-mange*. The proprietor of the mouth then laid down the spoon upon the table, there to lie in readiness, till such time as he should find knives and forks of no further service,—as the Scottish soldiery in former times used to lay their shields upon the ground while making use of their spears. I now gave up all hopes of the mouth observing any propriety in

its future transactions. But, having finished my own supper, I resolved to set myself down to observe all its sayings and doings, without giving myself any further concern about the proverb which I was formerly so solicitous that it should not fulfil. Its placidity was now gone, its air of self-possession lost. New powers seemed to be every moment developing themselves throughout its vast form,—new and more terrible powers. It was beginning to have a *wild look!* It was evident that it was now *fleshed,*—that its naturally savage disposition, formerly dormant for want of excitement, was now rising tumultuously within it,—that it would soon perform such deeds as would scare us all! It had engaged itself, before I commenced my observations, upon a roast-jiggot of mutton, which happened to lie near it. This it soon nearly finished. It then cast a look of fearful omen at a piece of cold beef, which lay immediately beyond, and which, being placed within reach by some kind neighbour, it immediately commenced to, with as much fierceness as it had just exemplified in the case of the mutton. The beef also was soon laid waste, and another look of extermination was forth-

with cast at a broken pidgeon-pie, which lay still farther off. Hereupon the Eye had scarcely alighted, when the man nearest it, with laudable promptitude, handed it upwards. Scarely was it laid on the altar of destruction, when it disappeared too; and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth look were successively cast at other dishes, which the different members of the party as promptly sent away, and which the mouth as promptly dispatched. By this time, all the rest of the party were lying upon their oars, observing, with leisurely astonishment, the progress of the surviving and, as it appeared to them, eternal feeder. *He* went on, rejoicing in his strength,—unheeding their idleness and wonder,—his very soul apparently engrossed in the grand business of devouring. They seemed to enter into a sort of tacit compact, or agreement, to indulge and facilitate him in his progress, by making themselves, as it were, his servitors. Whatever dish he looked at, therefore, over the wide expanse of the table, immediately disappeared from its place. One after another, they trooped off towards the head of the table, like the successive brigades which Wellington dispatched at Waterloo against a par-

ticular field of French artillery ; and, still, dish after dish, like said brigades, came successively away, broken, diminished, annihilated. Fish, flesh, and fowl disappeared at the glance of that awful Eye, as the Roman fleet withered and vanished before the grand burning-glass of Archimedes. The end of all things seemed at hand! The mouth was arrived at a perfect transport of voracity ! It seemed no more capable of restraining itself than some great engine, full of tremendous machinery, which cannot stop of itself. It had no self-will. It was an unaccountable being. It was a separate creature, independent on the soul. It was not a human thing at all. It was every thing that was superhuman,—every thing that was immense,—inconceivably enormous ! All objects seemed reeling and toppling on towards it, like the foam-bells upon a mighty current, floating silently on towards the orifice of some prodigious sea-cave. It was like the whirlpool of Maëlstrom, every thing that comes within the vortex of which, for miles round, is sure of being caught, inextricably involved, whirled round and round and round, and then down, down that monstrous gulf,—that mouth of the

mighty ocean, the lips of which are overwhelming waves, whose teeth are prodigious rocks, and whose belly is the great abyss!

Here I grew dizzy, fainted, and,—I never saw the Mouth again.

THE MACLEANS.

It was alleged of the Macleans by those who were not friendly to them, that they were addicted to a sort of ostentatious egotism, to which an untranslatable Gaelic epithet was affixed, not unaptly expressed by the word "*Gasconade.*" When they began to decline before their more fortunate neighbours and rivals, the Campbells, they designated themselves

AN CINNEADH MOR 'S AM POR TUBAISTEACH.

Which, literally translated, means,

THE GREAT CLAN AND LUCKLESS RACE;

but this was observed by their enemies to be only an instance of their incurable ostentation, —"the ruling passion strong in death."

MAXTON OF CULTOQUEY'S LITANY.

The small estate of Cultoquey, in Perthshire, is considered a sort of miracle in the Highlands, having been preserved, without either the diminution or the addition of a single acre, by the family whose representative still possesses it, for the space of five hundred years! This is the more surprising, as the estate, which is small, is surrounded on all hands by those of about half a dozen different proprietors, whose power, wealth, or policy, would long ago have succeeded in attaching it to their own enormous properties, had not the Maxtons, from father to son, made it a point of pride to preserve and transmit it entire. A Lowlander, or a modern, can scarcely conceive the difficulty which the honourable old family must have experienced in carrying their point, in the midst of such powerful and avaricious neighbours, and through successive ages of barbarism and civil discord. That aggressions were not unattempted, or, at least, that the neighbours were not the most agreeable imaginable, is proved by an addition to the litany which Mr. Maxton of

Cultoquey made, (about a century ago,) and which is here preserved, as illustrating, in some measure, the characteristics of certain Scottish families.

FROM THE GREED OF THE CAMPBELLS,
FROM THE IRE OF THE DRUMMONDS,
FROM THE PRIDE OF THE GRAHAMS,
FROM THE WIND OF THE MURRAYS,
GOOD LORD DELIVER US!

The author of this strange prayer was in the habit of repeating it, with the rest of the litany, every morning, on performing his toilette at a well near his house; and it was perhaps the most heart-felt petition he preferred. The objects of the satire were, Campbell of Monzie, who lived one mile and a half from Cultoquey; Campbell of Aberuchill, a judge of session, and one of the greatest land-buyers of his time, (eight miles;) Drummond of Perth, (four miles;) Graham, Duke of Montrose, at Kincardine Castle, (eight miles;) Murray, Duke of Atholl, at Tullibardine Castle, (six miles;) and Moray of Abercairney, at Abercairney Castle, (two miles.) All these gentlemen took the

joke in good part, except the Murrays, whose characteristic is the most opprobrious,—*wind,* in Scottish phraseology, signifying a propensity to vain and foolish bravado. It is said that the Duke of Atholl, hearing of Cultoquey's Litany, invited the old humourist to dinner, and desired to hear from his own mouth the lines which had made so much noise over the country. Cultoquey repeated them, without the least boggling; when his Grace said, half in good, half in bad humour, "Take care, Cultie, for the future to omit my name in your morning devotions; else I shall certainly crop your ears for your boldness." "*That's wind,* my Lord-duke!" quoth Cultoquey, with the greatest coolness, at the same time taking off his glass. On another occasion, a gentleman of his Grace's name having called upon Mr. Maxton, and used some angry expostulations on the manner in which his clan was characterized, Cultoquey made no answer, other than bidding his servant open the door, and *let out the wind of the Murrays!**

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* Imitations of the litany were common in former times. Mr. Thomas Forrester, an eccentric clergyman of Melrose,

about two hundred years ago, made himself conspicuous, and was expelled from his parish, on account of his satirical additions to the service-book. He and his verses are thus noticed in "A Description of the Parish of Melrose, in answer to Mr. Maitland's queries, (1782):"—"He was deposed by the Assembly, at Glasgow, *anno* 1638; and, as Honorius Regius acquaints us, 'Classe Mulrossiana accusante, probatum fuit,' that he had publicly declared, that any servile work might be done on the Lord's day, and, as an example to the people, he had brought home his corn out of the fields to his barn-yard on that day; as also, that he had said, that the public and ordinary preaching of the word was no necessary part of divine worship; that the reading of the liturgy was to be preferred to it; that pastors and private Christians should use no other prayers but what were prescribed in the liturgy. They charged him likewise with Arminianism and Popery, and that he said publicly that the Reformers had done more harm to the Christian churches, than the Popes at Rome had done for ten ages. I am surprised that no notice is taken of his litany, which made a great noise in those times. Bishop Guthrie, in his Memoirs, only mentions it:

FROM DICKSON, HENDERSON, AND CANT,
TH' APOSTLES OF THE COVENANT,
GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

I have been at great pains to find out this litany in the libraries of the curious, but in vain. There was an old gen-

tlewoman here, who remembered some parts of it, such as,

FROM THE JESUIT KNAVE IN GRAIN,
AND FROM THE SHE-PRIEST CRACKED IN BRAIN,
FROM HER AND A' SUCH BAD LASSES,
AND A' BALD IGNORANT ASSES,
SUCH AS JOHN ROSS, THAT DONNART GOOSE,
AND DAN DUNCANSON, THAT DUNCY GHOST,
GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

For the understanding of this part of the litany, we are to observe, that there was one Abernethy, who, from a Jesuit priest, turned a zealous presbyterian, and was settled minister at Hownam, in Teviotdale; he said the liturgy of Scotland was sent to Rome to some cardinals, to be revised by them, and that Signior Con had shewed it to himself there: He is the 'Jesuit.' And as to the she-priest, this was one Mrs. Mitchelson, who was looked upon as a person inspired of God, and her words were recited as oracles, not a few taking them from her mouth in characters. Most of her speeches were about the Covenant.*

FROM LAY-LADS IN PULPIT PRATTLING,
TWICE A DAY RAMBLING AND RATTLING.
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And concludes his litany,

FROM ALL THE KNOCK-DOWN RACE OF KNOXES
GOOD LORD DELIVER US."

Descrip. Par. Melr. p. 39.

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* Burnet's Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton, p. 83.

Slogans

OF

Families and Towns.

THE Slogan, (more properly *slughorne*, from the Irish *sluagh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn), was the watch-word used by troops in the field, to distinguish friends from enemies, or to excite the spirit of courage at the moment of attack. Almost every commander had his war-cry. Among the Lowlanders, as well as on the English side of the border, the word was usually the name of the leader repeated, and sometimes the name of the place of rendezvous. In the Highlands, where the slogan went round with the *fiery cross*, the latter practice mostly obtained. A considerable number in every part of the country seem to have been ancient words and phrases, of which the origin and meaning were unknown even to those who used them, as in the noted case of Hawick.

The following collection must be considered very meagre and defective.

SLOGANS OF FAMILIES AND TOWNS.

DOUGLAS.

A DOUGLAS ! A DOUGLAS !

DARNLEY.

AVANT, DERNLE !

SCOTT.

A BELLENDEN !

Place of rendezvous. Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and in the centre of the possessions of this powerful clan.

HOME.

A HOME ! A HOME !

CRANSTONS.

HENWOODIE !

Place of rendezvous, on the Oxnam water, in Roxburghshire.

SETONS.

SET ON !

A pun on the name.

HEPBURN.

BIDE ME FAIR !

FORBES.

LONACHIN !

Place of rendezvous,—a hilly ridge in Strathdon. The Forbeses inhabit Strathdon and other parts of Aberdeenshire.

FARQUHARSON.

CAIRN-NA-CUEN !

That is, *Cairn of Remembrance,*—a mountain in Braemar. The Farquharsons are a powerful, though not ancient clan, occupying the whole south-western corner of Aberdeenshire.

MACPHERSON.

CRAIG-DHU.

Place of rendezvous,—a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch, the country of the Macphersons.

GLENGARRY.

CRAGGAN AN FHITHICH !

Place of rendezvous,—signifying *Rock of the Raven.*

GORDON.

GORDON, GORDON, BYDAND !

MACKENZIE.

TULLICH-ARD!

Place of rendezvous,—signifying *a high rising ground.* Tullich-ard is a hill in Kintail, on the side of Loch Duich, a few miles from the ruined castle of Ellandonan, the original seat of the Clan Mackenzie. It is said to have commanded veneration in ancient times, and, like the temple of Janus, indicated peace or war. "When war commenced, a barrel of burning tar, on the highest peak, was the signal at which all the tenants around Seaforth assembled, in twenty-four hours, at the castle of St. Donan. The mountain yet forms the crest of the Seaforth arms."—*Laing's Caled. Itin.* i, 71.

GRANT.

STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE!

Place of rendezvous,—a wooded hillock or rock in Strathspey, near the river of Aviemore,

on the side of the great road leading from Perth to Inverness.

MACFARLANE.

LOCH SLOY!

Place of rendezvous,—a small lake between Loch Long and Loch Lomond.

BUCHANAN.

CLARE INNIS! (OR INCH).

Place of rendezvous,—a small island in Loch Lomond.

CLANRANNALD.

A DH' AIN DEOIN CO 'HEIREADH E!

Translated literally:—

IN SPITE OF WHO WOULD SAY IT.

That is, *to the contrary,* indicating a very strong and fearless resolution.

MACGREGOR.

O' ARD CHOILLE !

Place of rendezvous,—signifying *from the woody height.*

MERCER OF ALDIE.

THE GRIT PULE !

DUMFRIES.

LOREBURN !

HAWICK.

TERRI BUSS AND TERRI ODIN !

JEDBURGH.

JETHART'S HERE ! *

DISTRICT OF GLENLIVAT.

BOGHAIL !

DISTRICT OF STRATHDOWN.

KNOCK FERGHAUN !

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* " Then rose the slogan with a shout,
To it Tynedale!—Jethart's here."
Old Ballad.

Rhymes

APPROPRIATE TO

Superstitions.

RHYMES APPROPRIATE TO SUPERSTITIONS.

THE FAIRIES.

THE fairies, or, as they were popularly called, *the gude neebors,* were famous for their elopements with the wives of mortals. The miller of Alva is not the only "injured husband," whose case we have to record. A neighbour of that person,—the smith of Tullibody,—was equally unfortunate; and had not, for any thing we ever heard, the ultimate happiness of getting back his lost spouse. The former case has already made our readers acquainted with the *modus restorandi;* but we are now to complete the history of a fairy *crim. con.* with an account of the *modus abducendi.*—The case of the smith was attended, as the newspapers would say, with circumstances of

peculiar poignancy. His spouse was taken away almost before his very eyes; and not only was his honour thus wounded in the tenderest point, but his feelings were also stung by a rhyme of exultation sung by the fairies, in which they reflected, in a most scandalous and ungenerous manner, upon his personal habits. The tale goes, that, while he was busy at work at one end of the house, he heard the seducers, as they flew up the chimney at the other, singing, with malicious glee:—

DEEDLE LINKUM DODIE,
WE'VE GOTTEN DRUCKEN DAVIE'S WIFE,
THE SMITH OF TULLIBODY!

The fairies do not appear to have ever been successful in introducing the human race, by the above means, into their own country. At least, it is well known that they were in the habit of frequently stealing away children from the cradles of mortal mothers, for the purpose of adopting them as their own offspring, nurturing them in Fairy-land, and making them part of their own community. The heavy coil of humanity does not appear to have been thus

engrafted upon the light-bodied race, who could exhibit feats of rope-dancing upon the beams of the new moon, and feast unseen, in thousands, under the blossom of the wild violet.* These adopt-

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* "It is still currently believed, that he who has the courage to rush upon a fairy festival and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave; or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner above described. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,—

"If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall!

"The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the Duke of Wharton, but, in reality, composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The Duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated the "luck of Edenhall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin, as it dropped from his grace's hands. I understand it is not now subject to such risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom."—*Minst. Scot. Bord.* ii, 130.

ed children, perhaps, remained amongst them only in the quality of friends, platonic lovers, or servants; and were permitted, after a few years of probation, to return to earth, in a fitter condition than formerly to enjoy its blessings. Whether their attachment to the grown women whom they took away, was of a grosser sort, we cannot tell; but it seems certain, that both were alike unproductive of a mongrel race of offspring. It ought not to be forgotten, that, in cases of stealing children, one of their own unearthly brats was usually left in the cradle. A story is told of a Dumfries-shire fairy having once done a valuable piece of service to a country-woman, and threatened afterwards to take away her child as a remuneration, unless the woman should find out her name before a certain day. The mother, of course, despaired of ever discovering what was required, and looked forward to the loss of her infant as a thing unavoidable. One day, however, before the time had expired, happening to walk in a wood, she came to a wene in which sat her friend the fairy,—a little creature dressed in green, spinning on a wheel, the sound of which she accompanied with these words,—

LITTLE KENS OUR GUDE-DAME AT HAME,
THAT MY NAME'S WHUPPETIE STOURIE!

or, according to another version,—

LITTLE KENS OUR GUDE-DAME AT HAME,
THAT MY NAME'S FITTLE-TE-TOT!

Of course, when the no longer anonymous fairy came at the appointed time, either to take away the child or hear her name pronounced by the lips of the mother, she was sent away disappointed.

It was, till lately, believed by the ploughmen of Clydesdale, that if they repeated the rhyme,—

FAIRY, FAIRY, BAKE ME A BANNOCK, AND ROAST ME A COLLOP,
AND I'LL GI'E YE A SPURTLE AFF MY GAD END!

three several times, on turning their cattle at the terminations of ridges, they would find the said fare prepared for them on reaching the end of the fourth furrow.

The fairies are said to have been exceedingly delicate upon the subject of their popular

appellations. They considered the term fairy disreputable; and are thought to have pointed out their approbation and disapprobation of the other phrases applied to them in the following verses:—

GIN YE CA' ME IMP OR ELF,
I REDE YE LOOK WEEL TO YOURSELF;
GIN YE CA' ME FAIRY,
I'LL WORK YE MUCKLE TARRIE;*
GIN GUDE NEEBOR YE CA' ME,
THEN GUDE NEEBOR I SHALL BE;
BUT GIN YE CA' ME SEELIE WICHT,
I'LL BE YOUR FREEND BAITH DAY AND NICHT.

Husbandmen avoid, with superstitious reverence, to till or destroy the little circlets of bright green grass which are believed to be the favourite ball-rooms of the fairies; for, according to the appropriate rhyme,

HE WHA TILLS THE FAIRIES GREEN,
NAE LUCK AGAIN SHALL HA'E;
AND HE WHA SPILLS THE FAIRIES RING,
BETIDE HIM WANT AND WAE;
FOR WEIRDLESS DAYS AND WEARY NIGHTS
ARE HIS TILL HIS DEEAN DAY!

* Vexation.

Whereas, by the same authority,

HE WHA GAES BY THE FAIRY RING,
NAE DULE NOR PINE SHALL SEE;
AND HE WHA CLEANS THE FAIRY RING,
AN EASY DEATH SHALL DEE.

The fairies, of course, figure prominently in the superstitions respecting Halloween. Indeed, the children of Scotland seem to consider that dreadful eve as more peculiarly the festival of the fairies, than of any other description of spiritual beings,—the following being by far the most popular rhyme used by them on the occasion:

HEIGH HOW FOR HALLOWEEN!
WHEN THE FAIRIES A' ARE SEEN!
SOME BLACK AND SOME GREEN—
HEIGH HOW FOR HALLOWEEN![*]

There were two species of fairies,—one black and the other green. The black had sold

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[*] It was believed, that children born on All Saints Eve were in after life patronised by the good neighbours, and endowed with the peculiar faculty of "*seeing sichts.*"

themselves to the devil, and were, therefore, inimical to the interests of mankind; but those in green, apparently the most numerous class, were favourable to mortals, and, for that reason, distinguished by the appellation "good people."

BROWNIES.

THE brownie was a household spirit, of an useful and familiar character. In former times, almost every farm-house in the south of Scotland was supposed to be haunted by one. He was understood to be a spirit of a somewhat grotesque figure, dwarfish in stature, but endowed with great personal strength, and having a mind of the most disinterested and even exalted sort. It was his humour to be unseen and idle during the whole day, or while the people of the house were a-stir, and only to exert himself while all the rest were asleep. It was customary for the mistress of the house to leave out work for him,—such as the supper-dishes to be washed, or the churn to be prepared,—and he never failed to have the whole done in the morning. This drudgery he performed quite gratuitously. He was a most dis-

interested spirit. To have offered him wages, or even to present him with an occasional boon, would have insured his anger, and perhaps caused him to abandon the establishment altogether. Numerous stories are told of his resentment in cases of his being thus affronted. For instance, on the goodman of a farm-house in the parish of Glendevon leaving out some clothes one night for the brownie, he was heard during the night to depart, saying, in a highly offended tone,

GI'E BROWNIE COAT, GI'E BROWNIE SARK,
YE'SE GET NAE MAIR O' BROWNIE'S WARK!

The brownie of the farm-house of Bodsbeck, in the wilds of the southern Highlands, left his employment upwards of a century ago, on a similar account. He had exerted himself so much in the farm-labour, both in and out of doors, that Bodsbeck became the most prosperous farm in the whole district. He always took his meat as it pleased himself,—usually in very moderate quantities, and of the most humble description. During a time of very hard labour, perhaps harvest, when a little better

fare than ordinary might have been judged acceptable, the goodman took the liberty of leaving out a mess of bread and milk, thinking it but fair that at a time when some improvement, both in quantity and quality, was made upon the fare of the human servants, the useful brownie certainly deserved to share in the blessing. He had calculated, however, without his *guest;* for the result was, that the Brownie left the house for ever, exclaiming,

CA', BROWNIE, CA'
A' THE LUCK O' BODSBECK AWAY TO LEITHENHA'.

The luck of Bodsbeck accordingly departed with its brownie, and settled in the neighbouring farm-house, called Leithenhall, whither the brownie transferred his friendship and services.

The traditions of Forfarshire put the rhyme which follows into the mouth of a brownie, which, having been expelled by exorcisms from its favourite haunt, the old castle of Clay-pots, near Dundee, spouted before departing a some-

what satirical enumeration of the neighbouring localities.

THE FERRY AND THE FERRY-WELL,
THE CAMP AND THE CAMP-HILL,
BALMOSSIE AND BALMOSSIE MILL,
BURNSIDE AND BURN-HILL,
THE THIN SOWENS O' DRUMGEITH,
THE FAIR MAY O' MONIFEITH;
THERE'S GUTTERSTON AND WALLACKSTON,
CLAY-PATS I'LL GI'E MY MALISON;
COME I LATE OR COME I AIR,
BALEMIE'S BOORD'S AYE BARE.

One of the principal characteristics of the brownie was his anxiety about the moral conduct of the household to which he was attached. He was a spirit very much inclined to be upon the *qui vive,* at the first appearance of any impropriety in the manners of his fellow-servants. He was a very busybody,—indeed, a perfect spoil-sport, in this way. The least delinquency committed either in barn, or cow-house, or larder, he was sure to report to his master, whose interests he seemed to consider tantamount to every other thing in this world, and from whom no bribe whatever could in-

duce him to conceal the offences which fell under his notice. The men, therefore, and not less the maids, of the establishment, usually regarded him with a mixture of fear, hatred, and respect; and though he might not often find occasion to do his duty as a spy, yet the firm belief that he would be relentless in doing so, provided that he did find occasion, had the salutary effect of generally restraining their vicious inclinations. He thus might be said to fulfil the great political precept which enjoins the prevention as preferable to the punishment of crimes. A ludicrous instance of his zeal as guardian of the household morals is told in Peebles-shire. Two dairy-maids, who were pinched in their food by a too-frugal mistress, found themselves one day compelled by hunger to have recourse to the highly improper expedient of stealing a bowl of milk and a bannock, which they proceeded to devour, as they thought, in secret. They sat upon a form, with a space between, whereon they placed the bowl and the bread, and they took *bite and sip* alternately, each putting down the bowl upon the seat for a moment's space after taking a draught, and the other then taking it up in her

hands, and treating herself in the same way. This they thought the fairest possible mode of parting the spoil, and one, moreover, which permitted them both to satisfy their hunger simultaneously. They had no sooner commenced their mess, than the brownie came between the two, invisible, and, whenever the bowl was set down upon the seat, took also a draught; by which means, as he devoured fully as much as both put together, the milk was speedily exhausted. The surprise of the famished girls at finding the bowl so soon empty was extreme, and they began to question each other very sharply upon the subject, with mutual suspicion of unfair play, when the brownie undeceived them by exclaiming with malicious glee,

HA! HA! HA!
BROWNIE HAS'T A'!*

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* We are induced by what we consider the extraordinary merit of the following poem, and a conviction that it will amuse our readers, to append it to these notices. It is the composition of a Dumfries-shire peasant, whose name (William Nicholson) certainly ought to be better known to fame. If the appearance of the poem in these pages shall tend to that effect, (besides serving our purpose as affording

a complete illustration of the character of the brownie,) it will give us the greatest pleasure.

" THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

" THERE cam' a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glow'r till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak,
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they star'd at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark an' the light,
An' graned out, Aiken-drum!

'Sauf us!' quoth Jock, 'd'ye see sic een;'
Cries Kate, 'there's a hole where a nose should ha' been;
An' the mouth's like a gash which a horn had ri'en;
Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!'

The black dog growling cow'red his tail,
The lassie swarf'd, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brack as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun his hairy form there was naething seen,
But a philibeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees play'd ay knoit between;
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trail'd on the grun' by his tae'less feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasp'd her wean,
And turn'd frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
And she deemed the Bible might ward aff scaith;
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feardna' Aiken-drum.

'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
'What wad ye, whare won ye,—by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han'!'
What a grane gae Aiken-drum!

'I liv'd in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,*
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba the bairns wi' an unken'd tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, an' I'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
I'se tame't,' quoth Aiken-drum!

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell—
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife, 'The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Giff he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il,
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum.

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* On one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, "Confound thae wee gray anes! they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

But the wenches skirl'd 'he's no' be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

'Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is't na hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?
Sae she silenc'd them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit,
'Sit-yer-wa's-down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune,
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish—an' the Brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade ay awa or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup;*
They watch'd,—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

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* A communion cup, belonging to M'Millan, the well-known ousted minister of Balmaghie, and founder of a *variety* of the *species* COVENANTER. This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry; and it required, through his future life, no common exertions in the good cause, to efface the stigma thus fixed upon him.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toil'd wight was he;
While the bairns play'd harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learn'd decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair miss'd was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the *Thrieve*,
Crying 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave,
O, luckless Aiken-drum!'

Awa! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Tho' the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glasnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' look'd roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly fo'ks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gaed nae light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum."

Dumfries Magazine, Oct. 1825, *p.* 327.

THE WITCHES.

THE articles enumerated in the following rhyme were supposed to have influence over witches:

BLACK LUGGIE, LAMMER BEAD,
ROWAN-TREE, AND RED THREAD,
PUT THE WITCHES TO THEIR SPEED!

Aliter,—

GAR THE WITCHES DANCE TO DEAD.

According to a curious pamphlet first printed in 1591, entitled, "Newes from Scotland, declaring the damnable life of Dr. Fian," the following was the dancing song of a large body of witches, who landed one night in a fleet of sieves and cockle-shells, at a place near the

church of North-Berwick, where they held some unspeakable saturnalia:

CUMMER, GO YE BEFORE; CUMMER, GO YE!
GIF YE WILL NOT GO BEFORE, CUMMER, LET ME!

It is still popularly believed, that, both when they dance on the ground and ride through the air, they observe the order of a troop of wild fowl,—the whole following one leader, and enjoying that honour by rotation.

Witches* were supposed to have it in their power to supply themselves with milk, by pulling

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* In the author's boyhood, and so late as within the last twelve years, there resided at Peebles several old women who had the credit of being witches. One infirm old hag, in particular, dwelt in an humble cottage in the Norgate; and I remember perfectly well, that no boy ever went past her door, or her window, without laying his thumb into the palm of his hand and closing down the fingers.—It is supposed that the original meaning of this action was, to form, in the least ostentatious way possible, the sign of the cross upon the body, which might thus be understood as effectually protected from the influence of the evil eye.

at a hair-rope, as dairymaids tug the teats of cattle, and using the following conjuration:

MEER'S MILK AND DEER'S MILK,
AND EVERY BEAST THAT BEAR'S MILK,
ATWEEN ST. JOHNSTON AND DUNDEE,
COME A' TO ME, COME A' TO ME.

LORNTIE AND THE MERMAID.

The young laird of Lorntie, in Angus-shire, was one evening returning from a hunting excursion, attended by a single servant and two greyhounds, when he met the following strange adventure. In passing a solitary lake, which lies about three miles south from Lorntie, and was in those times closely surrounded with natural wood, his ears were suddenly assailed by the shrieks of a female apparently drowning in the water. The laird, who was both prompt and fearless, instantly spurred his horse forward to the side of the lake, and there saw a beautiful female struggling with the water, and, as it seemed to him, just in the act of sinking. "Help, help, Lorntie!" she exclaimed, "Help, Lorntie,—help, Lor—" and the waters seemed to

choke the last sounds of her voice as they gurgled in her throat. The laird, unable to resist the impulses of humanity, rushed into the lake, and was just about to grasp the long yellow locks of the lady, which lay like hanks of gold upon the water, when he was suddenly seized behind, and forced out of the lake, by his servant, who, farther-sighted than his master, perceived the whole affair to be the feint of a water-spirit. "Bide, Lorntie,—bide a blink!" cried the faithful creature, as the laird was about to dash him to the earth, "That wauling madam was nae other, God sauf us! than the Mermaid." Lorntie instantly acknowledged the truth of this asseveration, which, as he was preparing to mount his horse, was confirmed by the mermaid raising herself half out of the water, and exclaiming in a voice of fiendish disappointment and ferocity:

LORNTIE, LORNTIE,
WERE N'T NA YOUR MAN,
I HAD GART YOUR HEART'S BLUDE
SKIRL IN MY PAN.

RHYME OF THE RED-ETIN.

THE red-etin is a monstrous personage, supposed by the common people to be so named on account of his insatiable *penchant* for red or raw flesh. He was the bug-bear* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, in particular, of King James V, whose infancy was lulled by Lindsay, as we are told in the prologue to his Dream, with "tales of the red-etin and gyre-carlin." He is still a popular character in

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* It would be worth while to give a list of popular and infantine *bugbears*, ancient and modern. Marlborough is still the well-known bugbear of the French children. At Peebles, the old women say to peevish children, "Wheeshst! there's Borlan coming!" This must have originated in the fear entertained by the people thereabouts for Macintosh of Borland, who commanded the detachment of the Highlanders that passed through Peebles in 1745, and put the inhabitants into great bodily terror, besides shocking their pious feelings by setting all the mills to work on Sunday. In the very centre of England, it is customary for nurses to intimidate children, with, "There's Willie Wallie," that is, Sir William Wallace.

Scotland, and is supposed to go about searching for what he may devour, and constantly exclaiming, as in the story of Jack and the Bean Stack,

SNOUK * BUTT, SNOUK BEN,
I FIND THE SMELL OF EARTHLY MEN.

He is supposed by Leyden † to have some connection with one of the characters of a nursery story of which he only records a few rhymes :

THE MOUSE, THE LOUSE, AND LITTLE REDE,
WERE A' TO MAK' A GRUEL IN A LEAD.

The two first associates desire little Rede to go to the door, to "see what he could see."

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* *Snouk* signifies, to search for with the nose like a dog or hog, and here communicates a dreadful idea of the personal habits of the Red-etin.

† *Notes to Complaynt of Scotland.*

He declares that he saw the gyre-carlin coming,

WITH SPADE, AND SHOOL, AND TROWEL,
TO LICK UP A' THE GRUEL.

Upon which the party disperse,

THE LOUSE TO THE CLAITH,
AND THE MOUSE TO THE WA',
LITTLE REDE BEHIND THE DOOR,
AND LICKET UP A'.

MISCELLANEOUS *FREITS*.

CHARM used in Galloway for curing scorbutic spots on the skins of children.

RINGWOOD, RINGWOOD, ROON,
I WISH YE MAY NEITHER SPREAD NOR SPRING,
BUT AY GROW LESS AND LESS,
TILL YE FA' I' E' ASE AND BURN!

Charm used by the dairymaids of Clydesdale, to induce refractory or bewitched cows to give their milk.

BONNIE LADYE, LET DOON YERE MILK,
AND I'LL GI'E YOU A GOON O' SILK;
A GOON O' SILK AND A BALL O' TWINE,—
BONNIE LADYE, YERE MILK S NO MINE.

In Scotland, it is accounted fortunate to be seated when we first see the swallow in spring, to be walking when we first hear the cuckoo, and to see for the first time in the year a foal going before the eyes of its dam.

GANG AN' HEAR THE GOUK YELL,
SIT AN' SEE THE SWALLOW FLEE,
SEE THE FOAL BEFORE ITS MITHER'S E'E,
TWILL BE A THRIVING YEAR WI' THEE.*

The young women in Galloway, when they

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* In the Highlands, it is reckoned lucky to see a foal, calf, or lamb, for the first time, with the head towards the observer.

first see the new moon,* sally out of doors and pull a handful of grass, saying:

NEW MUNE, TRUE MUNE, TELL ME IF YOU CAN,
GIF I HAE HERE A HAIR LIKE THE HAIR O MY GUDEMAN.

The grass is then brought into the house, where it is carefully searched, and if a hair be found amongst it, which is generally the case, the colour of that hair determines that of the future husband's.

Throughout all Scotland it is a belief that the number of magpies seen at a time denotes various degrees of good and evil fortune.

ANE'S JOY; TWA'S GRIEF;
THREE'S A MARRIAGE; FOUR'S DEATH.

There is a similar rhyme about colours:

BLUE IS BEAUTY, RED'S A TAIKEN, (TOKEN,)
YELLOW'S GRIEF, AND GREEN'S FORSAKEN.

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* It is well known to be a prevalent custom or *freit*, on first seeing the new moon, to turn money in the pocket,

In Morayshire, there is a saying—

GREEN,
IS LUVE DEEN,

That is *done* or abandoned; and it is well known, that to dream of any thing green is accounted unlucky. This may perhaps be connected with the expression, "to wear the willow," and with the custom of saying, when the youngest female of a family is married first, that she has "given her elder sisters green stockings." *

"The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was reckoned a powerful charm by the common people, and the author recollects a popular rhyme supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:

GIN YE WISH TO BE LEMAN MINE,
LAY OFF THE ST. JOHN'S WORT AND THE VERVINE.

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his

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* *Blue* seems to be the modern idea.

mistress discovered the cloven foot."* *Mins. Scot. Bord.* iii, 304.

The young women of the Lowlands, on first observing the new moon, exclaim as follows:

NEW MUNE, TRUE MUNE,
TELL UNTO ME,
IF (naming their favourite lover,) MY TRUE-LOVE,
HE WILL MARRY ME.
IF HE MARRY ME IN HASTE,
LET ME SEE HIS BONNIE FACE;
IF HE MARRY ME BETIDE,
LET ME SEE HIS BONNIE SIDE;
GIN HE MARRY NA ME AVA,
TURN HIS BACK AND GAE AWA.

A halloween rhyme, recited while tying knots on a thread or string:

I KNIT THIS KNOT, THIS KNOT I KNIT,
TO SEE THE SIGHT I NE'ER SAW YET,

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* "The very same idea must have prevailed in Sweden, for one of the names given to the Thypericum perforatum, is Fuga Dæmonum."—*Jamieson's Scottish Dic. Supplement*, i, 636.

TO SEE MY TRUE LOVE IN HIS BEST ARRAY,
OR THE CLOTHES THAT HE WEARS EVERY DAY.
AND IF HIS LIVERY I AM TO WEAR,
AND IF HIS BAIRNS I AM TO BEAR,
BLYTHE AND MERRY MAY HE BE,
AND MAY HIS FACE BE TURNED TO ME.

From the recitation of a West-country lady.

Specimens

OF

UNPUBLISHED CLASSES

OF

Popular Rhymes.

SPECIMENS OF UNPUBLISHED CLASSES OF POPULAR RHYMES.

I.—RHYMES UPON SEASONS AND THE WEATHER.

Shepherd's Rhyme on Leap-year.

Leap-year
Was never a gude sheep-year,

on account of the greater length of February, —a month blessed with but a small share of the shepherd's good-will.

A warm May and a weeping June
Bring the har'st richt sune.

Auld mune mist,
Ne'er dee'd o' thrist.

II.—RHYMES ON NATURAL OBJECTS.

On a heavy fall of Snow.

The men o' the east
Are pykin their geese,
And sendin' their feathers here away, here away

On the Robin Redbreast and the Wren.

The robin and the wren
Are God's cock and hen.

On the Yellow Yoldrin.

Hauf a puddock, hauf a taed,
Hauf a drap o' de'il's blude,
On a May morning.

On the different species of Humble Bees.

The todler-tyke has a very gude byke,
And sae has the gairy bee;
But weel's me on the little red-doup,
The best o' a' the three.

III.—NURSERY RHYMES.

Play, pan, play,
Play, pan, play ;
And gi'e the bairn meat,—
It's gotten nane the day.

Poussikie, poussikie, poussikie, wow !
Whare shall we get banes to chow ?
We'll up the bog,
And worry a hog,
And then we'll get banes enow !

When first my Jamie he cam' to the toun,
He had a blue bonnet,—a hole in the croun ;
But noo he has gotten a hat and a feather :
Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your b'aver.
Cock your b'aver, cock your b'aver,
Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your b'aver !

There's gowd ahint, there's gowd afore,
There's silk in ev-er-y saddle-bore ;
Silver jingling at your bridle,
And grumes to haud your horse when he stands idle.
So cock your b'aver, cock your b'aver,
Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your b'aver.

There was a guse, they ca'd it Luce,
It was paidlin in a pule-y ;
By cam' a tod, wi' mony a nod,
And bad her tell her Yule-y.

He took her hame, and warmed her wame,
And pat her on a stule-y ;
He singet her claes, and brant her claes,
And made her look like a fule-y !

IV.—NURSERY LEGENDS AND BALLADS.

Pippety Pew,—partly prose,—a Nursery Legend.

There was once a cruel mother, who murdered one of her daughters, and made a dish of meat of the body, which she gave to her husband, who devoured it. Sister Kate, the favourite of the mother, (as the murdered daughter had been of the father,) was in the secret ; and rejoiced at being rid of the rivalry of her sister. The father, on eating his horrid mess, picked all the bones, and threw them, one after another, below the table, where sister Kate sat to gather them. The deceased, after some time, came back in the shape of a bird ;

and divulged to her father the dreadful deed, by singing as follows :—

Pippety Pew !
My mammie me slew,
My daddie me ate,
My sister Kate
Gathered a' my banes,
And laid them between twa milk-white stanes.
Sae I grew a bird, and away I flew,
Sing Pippety Pew.
Da capo.

The father, enraged at the death of his favourite child, immediately killed the mother.

Nursery Ballad of the Wee Croodlen Doo.

Whare hae ye been a' the day,
My little wee Croodlen Doo ?
Oh, I've been at my grandmother's,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo !

What gat ye at your grandmother's,
My little wee Croodlen Doo ?
I gat a bonnie wee fishie,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo !

Oh, whare did she catch the fishie,
My bonnie wee Croodlen Doo ?

She catch'd it in the gutter-hole,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!

And what did you do wi' the banes o't,
My bonnie wee Croodlen Doo?
I gied them to my little dog,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!

And what did the little doggie do,
My little wee Croodlen Doo?
He stretch'd out his head and his feet, and dee'd,
As I do, mammie, noo!

V.—PUERILE RHYMES.

In reproach of a companion who resumes possession of a gift.

Gi'e a thing, tak' a thing,
Auld man's deid ring;
Lie butt, lie ben,
Lie amang the deid men.

Scrawled and bawled everywhere in Edinburgh, by the boys attending the High School,

in allusion to the happy months of the vacation, and the bitter ones which immediately follow:

O! for August and September,
De'il tak' October and November.

When I was a little boy, strikin' at the studdy,
I had a pair o' blue breeks, and oh but they were duddie!
As I strook, they shook, like a lammie's tailie;
But noo I'm grown a gentleman,—my wife she wears a railie.

VI.—RHYMES APPROPRIATE TO JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

Riding Hobby-horses.

I had a little hobby-horse,
His mane was dapple-grey;
His head was made o' pease-strae,
His tail was made o' hay.

Used formerly by the boys of Edinburgh, in parading the streets at night, in bands :

We'll awa to Kinkettlin to shear,
We'll awa to Kinkettlin to shear ;
Gin we dinna get whisky, we're sure to get beer,
And we'll awa to Kinkettlin to shear.

VII.—RHYMES APPROPRIATE TO GAMES.

King and Queen of Cantelon,
How many miles to Babylon ?
It's eight and eight and other eight,
Try to win there wi' candle-licht.

My mistress sent me unto thine,
Wi' three young flouirs, baith fair and fine ;
The pink, the rose, and the yellow-flouir ;
And as they here do stand,
Whilk will ye sink, whilk will ye swim,
And whilk bring hame to land ?

The following are the names of some games, upon which our information is already almost

complete:—"We are three brethren come from Spain."—"Janet Jo."—"Limpie, limpie, the pot's boiling owre."—"The Clews."—"I've lost my mother's darning-needle."—"The Hinnie-pots."—"Shew, Gled-Wylie!"—"Scots and English."—"Bloody Tom."—"Through the needle-ee, boys." We need not say how imperfect is this list, nor repeat the necessity of enlarging it by contributions from the patriotic and the charitable.

VIII.—RIDDLES.

I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me licht;
I'll give any man a pint o' wine,
That'll read my riddle richt!

Solution.—I sat in a chair made of my mistress's bones; drank out of her skull; and was lighted by a candle made from her tallow.

There stands a tree at our house-end,
It's a' clad owre wi' leather-bend ;
It'll fecht a bull, it'll fecht a bear,
It'll fecht a thousand men o' weir !

Death.

A muckle doug, and a little doug,
A less doug, and a mair,
A lang-tailed doug, and a short-tailed doug,—
How mony dougs are there ?

Two.

IX.—RHYMES CONNECTED WITH THE FESTIVE OBSERVANCES IN SCOTLAND AT THE NEW-YEAR,

As for Christmas, Hogmanay, New-year's-day, &c. ; and a Drama performed by sets of juvenile maskers, termed Guisards.

X.—MISCELLANEOUS.

A very numerous class, consisting in rhymes which could not be placed under any of the

above heads. One or two may be selected for the amusement of our readers, though without any hope of their serving as specimens of so varied a class.

On Mons Meg.

Pouther me weel, and keep me clean,
I'll carry a bullet to Peebles Green.

The tragical adventure of Tam o' the Lin and his family.

Tam o' the Lin, and a' his bairns,
Fell i' the fire in others' arms!
Oh, quo' the bunemost, I ha'e a het skin !!
It's better below, quo' Tam o' the Lin !!!

Oh, heard ye o' an auld wife, an auld wife, an auld wife,
Oh heard ye o' an auld wife hung owre the dyke to dry?
The day was het, the wife was fat, and she began to fry;
Was there ever sic an auld wife hung owre the dyke to dry?

Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
  And ye'se get a man.
I wadna whistle, quo' the wife,
  Though ye wad gi'e me ten.

Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
  And ye'se get a cock.
I wadna whistle, quo' the wife,
  Though ye wad gi'e me a flock.

Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
  And ye'se get a man.
Wheep, whaup, quo' the wife;
  I'll whistle as I can.

There was an auld wife, and they ca'd her Kilfuddie,
And a' body said she wad gang to the wuddie;
But I think she de'ed in a better commaund,
For she danced her to deid at her ain house end.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Page

5. *For* Perthshire, *read* Clackmannanshire.
7. *In fifth line from bottom, for* phrase, *read* term.
9. The original version of the rhyme on the Links of Forth is :—

A CROOK O' THE FORTH
IS WORTH AN EARLDOM O' THE NORTH.

11. *For* CARIT-HAUGHS *read* CARIT-RIG, which is not precisely *in* but closely adjacent to Liddisdale.
13. *Top line, read* morning and evening tide.
21. *To* LYLLIARD'S EDGE, *add Roxburgh-shire,* and in last line of rhyme insert the word SMITTEN between WERE and OFF.

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25. A note was here omitted, mentioning the equivocal credit in which the battle of Biggar is held by all historians.

27. *Line* 6, *for* too, *read* to.

31. *After the last word, add* name.

33. *Sixth line from bottom, for* herds, *read* shepherds; and make the same alteration in page 34.

35. The Tarras is a Roxburghshire stream.

40. Loor is more properly spelled Lour.

42. *Second line from bottom, dele* and this is probable.

52. *For* Dundee, *read* Brechin; *and in bottom line, for* another Roman, *read* a Caledonian.

58. *For the highly improper phrase* in neither more nor less, *read* in no other place than.

61. To the superstition about the sides of the sheep of Largo Law, add, as a note, that the same idea prevails in the south about the teeth of those which graze upon the Eildon hills. We know, from authentic documents, that there were gold mines in these hills in the time of

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James VI ; but whether the metal communicates any tinge to the verdure, and the verdure again to the teeth of the sheep, must be left to naturalists.

63. *For* the estate of Forthar, &c. *read* the farm of Fairyfield, which was formerly the property of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn.

66. INVENIENS *is, of course, a misprint for* INVENIES,—*which, by the way, is bad enough Latin to be monkish.*

74. Charter of renunciation *would be more technically correct as* charter of resignation, *and* renunciator *should be* resigner.

89. *In Gaelic rhyme on Iona, for* MHANAICH *read* MHANACH, *for* GENM *read* GEUM, *and for* ERICH, CRICH.

92. *For* piety, *read* sanctity.

93. The Gaelic rhyme on Perth should be read thus :—

TATHA MHOR NA 'N TOUN
BHEIR I' SCRIOB LOM
AIR PEAIRT.

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102. *Read* and is used in the charters of the family which takes its title from the town. Munross, it is said, may also signify Promontory of the Moss, &c.

103. *For* and promises soon to destroy every vestige of the same, *read* of which it promises soon to destroy every vestige.

104. *For* banking, *read* embanking.

126. *In line, for* style, *read style.*

137. *For* applied, *read* used.

139. *For* invited, *read* incited.

140. It ought to have been stated, that the reproach of Kinghorn does not now apply.

144. *In penult line, dele* not.

146. *For* Sorbietrees, *read* Sorby.

154. *For* Mr. Ure, *read* M'Ure.

166. *The first Gaelic rhyme should be spelled thus:—*

CNOIC IS UISG IS ALPANICH
AN TRIUR BU SHINE 'BHA 'N ALBIN.

In second Gaelic rhyme, for SLIOGHD, *read* SLIOCHD ; *for* DUCHAISAC, *read* DUCH-

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AISACH ; *and last line should be spelled thus :—*

'S AIG A BHEIL DUCHAS FATHASD RIS.

184. Various popular version of the Somerville rhyme :—

THE WOOD LAIRD OF LARISTON,
SLEW THE WORM OF ORMISTON ;
AND GAT, FOR HIS REWAIRDISHINE,
A' LINTON PAROCHINE.

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THE END.

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